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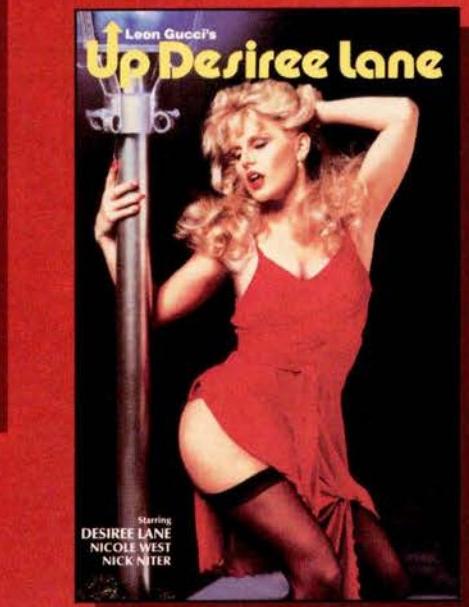
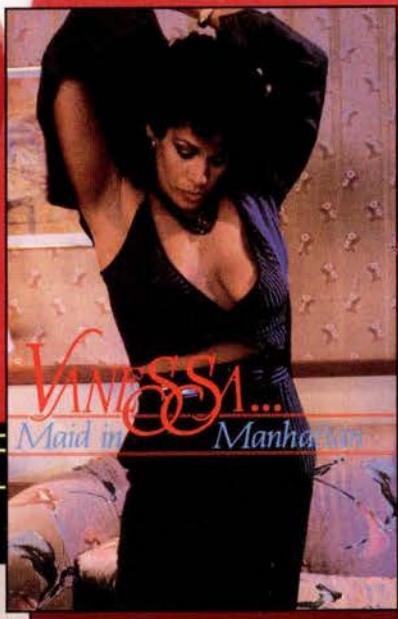
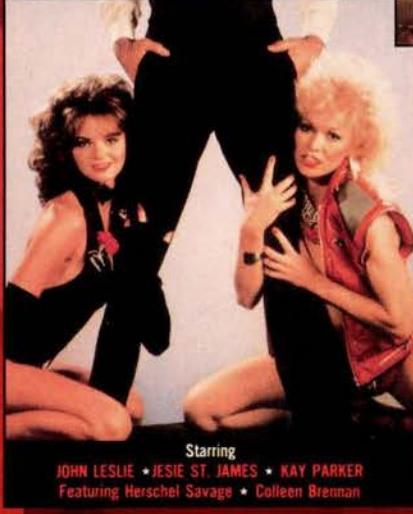
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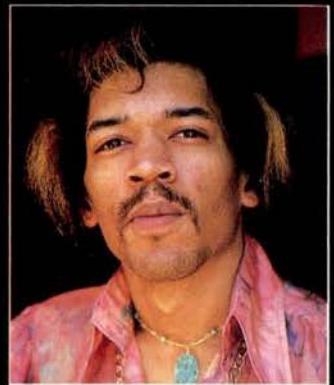
John Belushi (1949-1982)
Cocaine & Heroin



Lenny Bruce (1925-1966)
Heroin



Judy Garland (1922-1969)
Barbiturates



Jimi Hendrix (1942-1970)
Barbiturates



Billie Holiday (1915-1959)
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James Honeyman-Scott (1957-1982)
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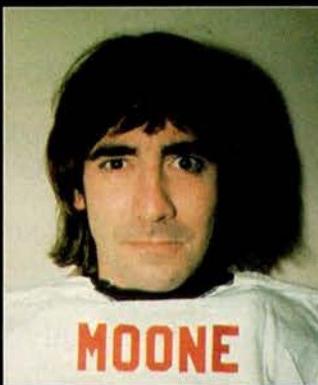
Anissa "Buffy" Jones (1958-1976)
Barbiturates



Janis Joplin (1943-1970)
Heroin



David Kennedy (1955-1984)
Heroin



Keith Moon (1946-1978)
Sedatives



Elvis Presley (1935-1977)
Barbiturates, Amphetamines



Sid Vicious (1957-1978)
Heroin

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HUSTL

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february

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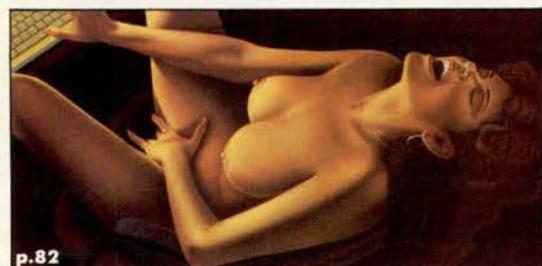
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On the Cover . . .

Some men go for breasts, others prefer legs, but Director of Photography James Baes happens to be a discriminating connoisseur of the divine derriere. By using soft romantic lighting, he captured this lovely lace-framed rear with the creative touch of someone who truly enjoys his work. We can get behind almost anything James does.

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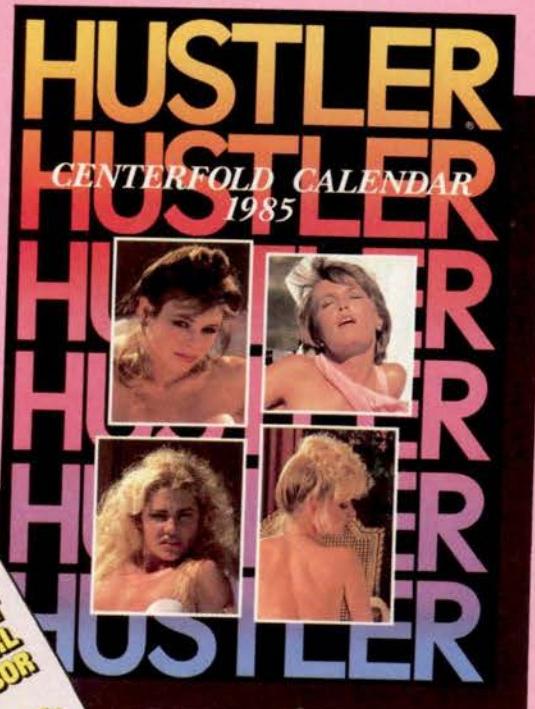
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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



I TOLD YOU SO

On September 9, 1983, the *Los Angeles Times*, *Washington Post* and *New York Daily News* published my full-page advertisement exposing the government's trumped-up explanation of the shooting down of unarmed Korean Air Lines Flight 007 over Russian airspace, an incident that claimed 269 lives. The *New York Times*, which prides itself on publishing "all the news that's fit to print," flat out refused to print the ad. Lo and behold, 13 months later the rat I smelled turned out to be quite real, and the *Times* was eating crow. Last September 7 esteemed *Times* columnist Tom Wicker called attention to an authoritative article appearing in *The Nation* which suggested "that KAL 007's intrusion into Soviet airspace, far from being accidental, was well orchestrated, with the Reagan Administration, at some level, doing the orchestrating." Added Wicker: "The depressing complicity with government into which the free American press has sunk since Vietnam and Watergate has seldom been more visible."

The following month, on October 25, the *Times* swallowed hard and printed a full-page ad which concluded that "after a year's investigation *The Nation* magazine believes that the official U.S. version

(Memorandum to the press and the public, from the The Nation)

K.A.L. 007:
After a year's investigation,
The Nation Magazine believes that the
official U.S. version is not credible.

is not credible." While you scratch your head and try to figure out why the *Times* suppressed the ad submitted by the Publisher of HUSTLER Magazine yet eagerly accepted \$25,824 for a *Nation* ad detailing the same material, let's pause for a moment as I puff up with pride and say—I told you so.

What has made HUSTLER different from any other American publication is its dedication to dealing with controversial material that nobody else would touch with a ten-foot pole. The most recent example of this ongoing commitment was our landmark article shining the harsh light of truth on the horrible tortures of animal experimentation (November '84). The avalanche of mail I received from readers—99% of it vehemently supporting our courageous editorial stand—was virtually without precedent in HUSTLER's ten-year publishing history. Many of the letters—some of which I'm sharing with you in this month's *Feedback*—brought tears to my eyes. One month after our article was published, *60 Minutes* covered virtually the same material, giving the "official" confirmation that this long-suppressed subject was newsworthy. Once again it makes me proud to sit back and say—I told you so.

As long as the increasingly threatened First Amendment remains in force, I promise that HUSTLER will do its damnedest to be controversial, outspoken and provocative. We'll never fall into the trap of playing it safe or standing pat. To this end we're unveiling two new regular features in this issue: *Comic Relief*, which will supply even more of HUSTLER's unique humor with a bite; and *Melody Makers*, eye-opening news of modern music that you'll be able to find nowhere else. These additions are only the beginning of my plan to make the HUSTLER package better than ever. Don't forget—I told you so.

Larry Flynt

Editor & Publisher

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Feedback

McDONALD'S MASSACRE:

I recently purchased the December '84 HUSTLER, and as I was paging through it, I noticed a cartoon that really upset me. It was the one that had Ronald McDonald changing the sign out in front of the restaurant: "Over 45 Billion Served/ Only 21 Killed."

I want you to know that my brother was one of the 21 murdered at the McDonald's in San Ysidro, California, last year. If you knew the pain and many hours of grief my family and I went through, you would be a little upset with this kind of sick humor. I love your magazine, but I thought you had a little more class.

The cartoon triggered many memories about that ordeal. I may stop buying HUSTLER if I don't hear from you or get a retraction.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

INCEST AIN'T BEST:

I am very appalled that you would even think of running a cartoon dealing with incest (May '84). I never had any reason to dislike your magazine before, but then this! There's enough incestuous behavior in the world that you don't have to go around promoting it.

I've lived in fear for the past two years after my own father attacked me. It worries me, for if a major publication would print such material without considering its consequences to society, then there is no one to stop promoting this. I'm not putting your magazine down. I'm just hoping that you'll be more careful about what you print in the future.

—K. A. C.
Address Withheld by Request

ON THE ROAD TO HELL?

I wonder if Dwaine Tinsley knows that we'll all face the Son of God one day. Sex pictures I understand. But you can't label as art a cartoon of the Lord Jesus singing on His cross (December '84). He didn't

sing. He shed innocent blood for fools like Tinsley. His cartoon should have been your Most Tasteless!

God have mercy on your soul. You'll not make heaven. So live it up now, as this is the only pleasure you'll have in this world. You're Satan's already, fool. Hell is full of fools like you who'd give a king's ransom just to return *one second* on Earth to try to deter others from burning.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

HUSTLER has always prided itself on its taboo-baiting cartoons. No other magazine has the balls to tackle society's problems like we do. Our Golden Arches cartoon was merely a parody intended to poke fun at the image of McDonald's—not at the horrible incident in



Ravishing Runaways

San Ysidro. Nothing or no one is sacred from the pens of our cartoonists, and that's as it should be. We're either going to make you laugh or we're going to make you think. In any case we're going to get a reaction. This sampling of letters proves that. Humor and Cartoon Editor Dwaine Tinsley thanks you for caring.

PHOTO FEEDBACK:

Let me tell you, Matti Klatt's photo-feature *Ravishing Runaways* (November '84) was hot, hot, hot!!! I'm heading out to Los Angeles right now so I can look for those two lovelies on the streets of the barrio. I'm in love.

—S. P.

Columbus, Ohio

I'm an avid reader of your magazine and enjoy it very much. Even though you have many pictorials of beautiful white girls—such as porn star Kelly Nichols, your *Beaver Spotlight* winner Cherry and those two golden goddesses in *Floating Frenzy* (October '84)—I wish you would run more photo-sets featuring gorgeous Oriental ladies.

—J. B. H.

San Jose, California

Good news, J. B. H. Next month we have a pair of Oriental lovelies devouring each other in a scorching photo-spread.

I think the photo-layout *Floating Frenzy* is fantastic! Those two blondes are unbelievable, and Clive McLean's photography is superb. It really turns me on to see

two beautiful women enjoying each other's luscious bodies. —T.B.

Omaha, Nebraska

I'd just like to say that your *Seven Pubic Figures* photo-feature (November '84) makes 14 wonders of the world. Aslan's artistry is truly amazing. —John D. Dykes

Auberry, California

HARSH CRITIC:

I love HUSTLER, but there's room for improvement. To begin with, in your November '84 issue the picture of *Helene: Hot Seat* before the centerfold is excellent. I love her magnificent cunt and asshole!

On the other hand, *Laser Lust* is lousy

because you can't see the women's pussies properly. As for *Seven Pubic Figures*, the only worthy shot is the one with Larry Flynt. The picture of the model's snatch is absolutely superb.

I love lesbian pictorials because in every photo you get two cunts! I'm sorry that in *Ravishing Runaways*, though, most of the pictures don't clearly show any pussy! It's a shame to waste so much talent! Including more crotch-shots would make HUSTLER much better. *Self Portrait* was an improvement, but you can barely see the girl's incredible twat!

In closing, the cartoons and other stories in your magazine are a waste of space and money. —Bill Johnson

Sacramento, California

Reader response to The Horror of Animal Experimentation (HUSTLER, November '84) was just about unprecedented in our ten-year publishing history. The following letters are but a sampling of the mail that poured in with regard to the barbarism conducted by our nation's research laboratories.

I hate your horrible magazine, but I thank Larry Flynt and company for printing that excellent article on animal torture. I rushed out to buy a copy, and I'm telling others to do the same.

—Debbie Jones
Arcadia, California

HUSTLER Magazine certainly stuck its neck out when it told all about the horror of animal experimentation. Your November issue should be in every library in our country.

—Mrs. Adele W. Zencak
Milford, Delaware

I'm crying as I write this letter because I've just read your article on animal torture. I cannot find words to describe the anguish and outrage I am feeling for these poor animals. The scientists deserve to be tortured like they have done to the helpless animals. Can anything be done to put an end to this travesty?

—L. Mathews
San Jose, California

Seeing the despair of such a highly socialized and intelligent animal as a rhesus monkey has severely affected my family. Tears even flowed. Some day such arrogant, insensitive treatment of other living beings will come back to haunt us. The scientists who engage in this barbarism are not much different from the religious fanatics and cults that insist their work will save the human race.

—Ted Plottnar
Meeker, Oklahoma

I have never before written to a magazine, but I became absolutely incensed while reading your article. I support Larry Flynt's views regarding the First Amendment 100%, and I commend HUSTLER on presenting the veritable facts on issues that a good portion of the rest of the media won't touch.

—Mrs. R. Lewis
Seattle, Washington

Thank you for having the courage to print your animal-torture article plus the pictures, the most heartbreaking I have ever seen in my life. Animal experimenters and torturers are the lowest scum on the face of the Earth, none lower.

—John Piper

St. Petersburg, Florida

I have to thank you for opening my eyes and those of the millions who read HUSTLER to the cruel and inhumane torture of animals. It takes a real heartless, deranged fuckhead to do the things these assholes who call themselves "scientists" do to all those helpless, loving animals. Hitler wasn't even that cruel with the Jews. Thank you, HUSTLER. Keep kicking ass!

—Tim Moore

Rialto, California

I admire and appreciate your courage to run such a controversial article. Please continue this good work for the sake of poor, suffering, innocent animals. Thanks!!!

—Bill Phillips

and My Loving Dog Friend "Big Louie"
St. Petersburg, Florida

The photographs were enough to bring me to tears. My husband saw it hurt me and tore the article out of the magazine. Since that time I haven't been able to put those pictures out of my mind. Please tell me what I can do to help these animals.

—Debi Austin

Clinton, Maryland

I never thought I'd be writing to HUSTLER to express my approval of anything, but your report on animal experimentation was factual, comprehensive and timely. Good job!

—R. Hawkins, M.D.

Gainesville, Florida

Haven't you guys figured out yet that we buy HUSTLER to see cunt, not cruelty, pain and disease? Oh, I know—you print things

BUSTING BALLS:

Having returned to the United States after 13 years of living abroad, I was totally unprepared for the militant feminism which assured me that I was NOT wanted here. Male acceptance of this attitude convinced me that I had come back to a society of wimps. Then your magazine published a *Guest Editorial* by Francis Baumli, Ph.D. ("Castration by Decree?", November '84).

Thank you. Finally, a real man is speaking for men.

I like talented, creative, intelligent people. If that person is a woman, I am twice blessed. I am *not* a misogynist. But after so many kicks in the balls by Jessica

(continued on page 14)

like this because it's your social responsibility to expose the evils of society. Right? Bullshit. You could do that without making your readers vomit if you wanted to.

—Dan Petersen

Address Withheld by Request

I couldn't believe some of the things the research laboratories do to poor defenseless animals. The people that do these experiments are nothing more than low-life cowards and murderers. I would like to see them put in the places of the animals and have their bodies lacerated, holes put in their heads, ears amputated, their throats stripped open, tied up in a straitjacket, burned, blinded, brain-damaged, disemboweled, starved, force-fed, irradiated, electrically shocked, poisoned, paralyzed and their balls crushed. Is there any way people like me could stop these things from happening to all of these creatures?

—D. Lavelle

Atoka, Tennessee

Readers wishing to find out what to do to end animal experimentation can contact one or more of the following groups:

American Anti-Vivisection Society (Nobel Plaza, Suite 204, 801 Old York Rd., Jenkintown, PA 19046)

American Fund for Alternatives to Animal Research (175 W. 12th St., #16-D, New York, NY 10011)

Animal Liberation (319 W. 74th St., New York, NY 10023)

National Anti-Vivisection Society (100 East Ohio St., Chicago, IL 60611)

People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (P.O. Box 1045, Azusa, CA 91702 or P.O. Box 56272, Washington, DC 20011)

ANIMAL RESEARCH
SCIENTIFIC FRAUD

Over the past 15 years drug-subculture heroes Cheech Marin and Tommy Chong have grown into big box-office movie stars. Now they're going back to their roots—and we don't mean those funny green plants.

HUSTLER: You're working on your first record album since 1978. Is most of the material completed?

CHEECH: We've got a couple of lids' worth.

CHONG: We're going to do a lot of Nazi humor. "Hitler was right" jokes. Ya know, we think he got a bum rap.

CHEECH: Yeah, we wanted something that's hot, today, fresh out of the oven. For the album I wrote a song called "If I Knew You Were Coming I'd Have Baked a Kike." The working title for the album is *Fuck All You Jew Cocksucker, Ripoff Record Producers, Especially . . .*

CHONG: Don't mention his name! That cocksucker will sue us! Our old producer had us tied up in "contractual obligations"; that's why we haven't been able to do an album for seven years. Those guys hang on like shit to your basketball shoes.

CHEECH: We'll probably do a lot of music humor. Our stuff has always been based on the music mentality more than anything else, and that mentality is stronger now than ever. Today's scene is like virgin territory for us.

CHONG: I want to do a skit on a born-again rock 'n' roller—some guy who got religion but then gets tired of having to get up at four in the morning to go out and sell flowers. He wants to go back to the old days of having fun all night and waking up at three in the afternoon—you know, back to the *true path*.

The thing that's funny about rock 'n' rollers is that when they're playing in bars, getting laid by different chicks every night of the week, getting free food, drinks, drugs, having a great time, they're not *happy*. They feel like they're in a rut. So the next thing you know they're playing huge fucking concert halls, eating off plastic plates backstage with a bunch of accountants, and they say, "Hey, let's get *back* to those old bar days. *That's* when this was really fun." In a way that's what Cheech & Chong are doing right now. We've *been* movie stars. Now we want to go back into the studio and have some fun doing an album—just like in the beginning.

CHEECH: We want to get back to where it's just Tommy and me in the studio, without 700 other guys standing around eating jelly doughnuts, saying, "Where's lunch? When do we wrap?"

CHONG: I'm real intrigued with the whole he-she trend, like Boy George and Michael Jackson. I'm working on a skit called "Girl Bill," about a rock 'n' roll barroom bouncer who's trying to cash in on the latest trend by being a dyke. I work out in a gym, and I see a lot of Girl Bills. Real cute, with lots of muscles.

CHEECH: I like girls with muscles. They're hot! They have muscles that men don't have—like the lower twatoids. They can get you in fuckholes.

CHONG: And like if you're in the country and your car gets stuck, they can push you out. And you can win bets with them, like in arm-wrestling contests. You can get free beers.

CHEECH: I know this one girl called Pillows. She's bigger than both of us. She wears combat boots. These girls have some great special exercises, like contractions—bear down, relax, contract, relax, contract. They have amazing control of their sphincters.

CHONG: The funniest thing going on right now is all these drug- and alcohol-rehab centers. I want to do a skit where Man



is in the Betty Ford Center with a bunch of celebs. "Hey, Desi Jr., you want to get high, man? Hey, I know you just got cleaned up; so it's really gonna hit ya *good*, man. Hey, Desi, never mind what your mother says; she's on *downers*."

HUSTLER: What are you going to do after you finish the album?

CHONG: We're going to make the *ultimate* Cheech & Chong movie. It's going to be called *Sex & Drugs & Rock 'n' Roll*. It'll be straight-ahead rock 'n' roll. This movie is not only going to be rated X, it's going to be rated Cheech & Chong; so just stay fuckin' back if you can't handle it. Tell Larry we're going to do some wheelchair jokes. Maybe we'll even write him a part.

CHEECH: We're in a unique position because we're our own genre. It's like Elvis movies. The great thing about our characters is that haircuts and styles might change, but that street-guy survivor mentality will always be there.

HUSTLER: So Cheech & Chong plan to stay hip with the times?

CHONG: There's only one animal that relates to the times, and that's the media. They're always trying to put labels on things, to spot trends. There's this old joke about a farmer feeding his pig. The farmer is holding the pig up so it can eat apples off a tree. The farmer's friend says, "Hey, wouldn't it save time if you pulled the apples off the tree and gave them to the pig?"

The farmer says, "Yeah, but what is time to a pig?" So that's our answer to that question.

CHEECH & CHONG: *What is time to a pig?*

HUSTLER: Say, what kind of drugs have you guys been doing lately?

CHEECH: I can't smoke dope anymore. Ever since I got pneumonia, my metabolism has changed. I think I'm allergic to it. I get sick, and I retain water. I get bloated, like some hypoglycemic reaction.

CHONG: I still do a little bit of hash, but only civilized amounts. Ya know, we never really were *that* into drugs. We always satirize what everybody else is into. That's our genius, doing it in a way that everybody believes. . . . I mean, we're *actors*.

Melody makers



Madonna has been broadening her career lately by making a move to the movies. Look for the disco diva to pop her silver-screen cherry in two-count 'em, two-features that will open sometime in 1985. She'll be seen performing in the **Jon (Flashdance) Peters** production tentatively titled *Vision Quest*, and has a leading role in *Desperately Seeking Susan*, which also stars **Rosanna Arquette**, wife of **Toto** keyboardist **Steve Porcaro**.

Photo by Ed Colver

Johnny Winter, the white-hot guitarist who saw his career collapse under the weight of a heroin habit and the changing tastes of a fickle public, is back where he belongs. His new LP, *Guitar Slinger*, finds Winter closer to his roots than his "Rock and Roll Hoochie Koo" days. This album proves there's more to Texas than ZZ Top and Lone Star beer.

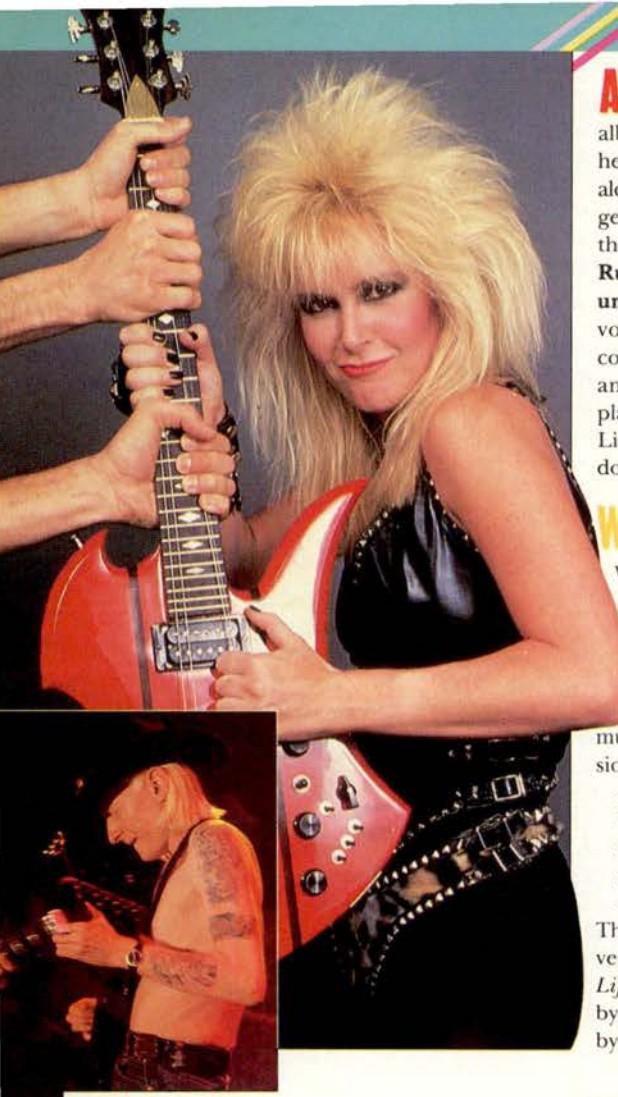
Torch Song, the British-based synthesizer trio that was supposed to produce the debut solo album by Police frontman **Sting**, is reportedly off the job. The new level setter is **Martin Rushent**, who's also worked with the **Human League**, the **Stranglers** and other groups. Speaking of the Stranglers, check out their new single, "Skin Deep." It's a nice-and-sleazy departure from the English bad boys' recent detour into mellowsville.

English Beat lovers: There's no need to continue weeping over the band's breakup last year. **General Public** is the Beat personified and, as vocalist **Ranking Roger** told **HUSTLER**, "All the adrenaline and excitement and hardness that was there [with the band] in the beginning just wasn't there by the end. So we thought we'd go out and try to recreate something like that again." Ex-Beatsters **Dave Wakeling** and Roger have done just that. General Public's debut LP, . . . *All the Rage*, is a knockout!



Photo by Millie Strom

What do Larry Flynt and L.A.'s notorious **Tupelo Chain Sex** have in common? More than you might guess. The lead singer of the outrageous psychobilly-jumpjazz-blues-reggae-rappin' funksters, **"Limey" Dave Dahlson**, helped create last year's controversial line of Mr. Sleaze's political T-shirts. In fact, Tupelo is using the design from one of those shirts as the cover for their latest LP, *Spot the Difference*. Tupelo also shares Larry's outspoken political viewpoint, best expressed in the lyrics of their "improved" version of "America" from the musical *West Side Story*: "AIDS in America/MX okay in America/TV OD in America/CIA lies to America."



As her *Dancin' on the Edge* album continues to turn hairy heads throughout all of metaldom, ex-Runaway **Lita Ford** gets more outspoken about the competition. "I don't like **Rush**, and I don't like **Triumph**," she told us. "Their vocals are sickening. They come out on stage all high and . . . yuk! They're just plain annoying." Come on, Lita, don't hedge. . . . What do you *really* think?

Who said the following? "[I was] really into masturbation. I used to do it six or seven times a day. In fact, everybody used to tell me that I should get a trophy for it, I did it so much. I got to be a professional jackoffer."

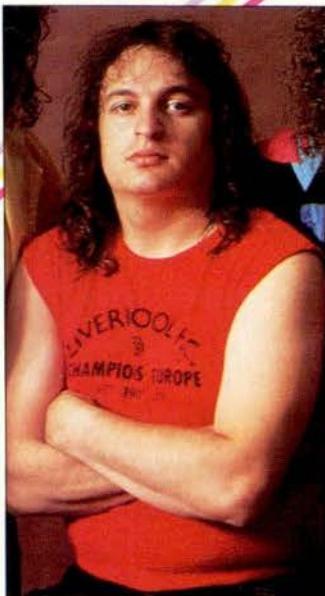
- a. John Holmes
- b. Prince Charles
- c. Jesse Helms
- d. Billy Barty
- e. Little Richard

The answer is *e*, and can be verified in the pages of *The Life and Times of Little Richard* by Charles White, published by Harmony Books.

Road fever is a sickness that afflicts all touring rockers at one time or another. While on tour recently with **Twisted Sister**, **Leonard Haze** of **Y&T** called **HUSTLER** with his time-tested, high-octane cure: "Stolie vodka is quickly becoming a favorite when I'm drinking straight; but I've found the cheapest, most efficient, easiest way to get fucked up, and that's just to drink shots of Cuervo Gold. I guess I just love to get rip-roaringly shitfaced and pass out."

Call her a dreamer, but when marvelous **Martha Davis** of the **Motels** fantasizes about sex, there's a good possibility a superstar will make a guest appearance. "I used to have wet dreams about **Mick Jagger**. I did—I won't lie," she admits. "But right now it would probably have to be **David Bowie** who I would like to sleep with."

What's a girl to do now? That's what departed **Go-Go Jane Weidlin** is wondering. Word has it she'll be turning to her current squeeze and former **Psychedelic Fur**, **Vince Ely**, to produce her first solo outing. Meanwhile, the Go-Go's bassist, **Kathy Valentine**, is all set to move into her spot, allowing **Charlotte Caffey** more time at her preferred instrument—the keyboards. And bouncy beauty **Belinda Carlisle**, in addition to a rumored romance with **Michael Hutchence**, lead singer of Australia's **INXS** (who last supported the platinum pixies on their recent Prime Time Tour of America), was also spotted socializing at a soiree with several members of the U.S. Olympic rowing team in tow. Stroke, stroke!



Shock-Rock godfather **Alice Cooper** is keeping busy these days. The former billion-dollar baby will soon be seen in the title role of *Monster Dog*, a sci-fi feature film shot in Spain. By night Cooper turns canine, and instead of Alpo, he goes on the prowl for living female flesh. Everyone knows his recording career has gone to the dogs, but this is ridiculous.



For a couple a years British audiences have been wild for **Kim Wilde**. But her only exposure in the U.S. was the single "Kids in America" from her self-titled debut LP. Now, with a new Stateside **MCA** record deal and a forthcoming album—produced by her brother **Ricky**—due out early this year, Kim hopes to really reach the kids in America. Her second-time-around attempt will be spearheaded by the cleverly titled single "The Second Time."



FEEDBACK

(continued from page 10)

Savitch, Andrea Dworkin, Susan Brownmiller, Ms. Gloria Steinem and their ilk, my sense of humor is being replaced with real pain.

I wish ERA meant "equal responsibilities...."

—Jimmy Turner
Ogallala, Nebraska

This letter is in regard to your *Guest Editorial* "Castration by Decree?" First of all, castration as punishment should NOT be imposed by any member of our society. Cutting someone's balls off is no less than maiming, which is also a crime. It is depriving one of his sex glands. Rape victims suffer no deprivation of any kind. Castration is just "getting even" with a convicted rapist; so how can it possibly be justified? Your *Guest Editorial* pretty well summed things up by stating that it is society's attitude toward the criminal as a man which would and does allow this barbaric judgment to be handed down.

Simply because castration was considered does not mean it is not cruel and unusual punishment. If I faced 30 years in prison, I'd think about having both of my arms amputated if I were given the choice. That doesn't mean amputation would not be cruel and unusual punishment. It just means that serving time is

pure hell! I know. I'm doing time right now, but not for rape or any sex-related crime. If I were, I would consider my alternatives even more, since sex offenders are not well treated by their fellow inmates.

—Jeff Martuszewski

California Correctional Institution
Tehachapi, California

Your November '84 issue once more demonstrates that HUSTLER is far and away the most important mass-circulation publication in the country. Francis Baumli's *Guest Editorial* on castration was particularly enlightening. You should send copies of it to every reasonably intelligent individual you can think of who has the power to help oppose the regression back to the dark ages that we are now experiencing in this nation.

Baumli's insight into the psychology of male sexuality in general and the penis in particular was a real eye-opener. A deep-seated hatred of the male organ is probably the reason circumcision is so widely accepted in America. It's as if doctors and parents are saying, "Take that, you little sexist-rape" as they irreparably mutilate helpless infants. That people can butcher babies without batting an eyelash speaks volumes on the incredibly warped and perverse mentality of the average citizen.

If the libertines ever win the war

against sexual repression, history will record Larry Flynt and HUSTLER Magazine as two of its greatest heroes.

—Al Medwin

Farmingdale, New Jersey

NUCLEAR MADNESS:

After reading *The Night I Nearly Started World War III* (September '84), I shit! All those fucking assholes in Washington don't give a fuck about fuckall, but we people in Canada don't want our asses to get shot off. So stop fucking around.

—Robert Roach

Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

BIGOTS?

Hey, you bunch of fuckin' assholes! I'm writing you to show how fuckin' stupid you people who publish this trashy magazine are. There's enough bigotry going around in today's society without you dickbrains adding to it with your fucked-up rag.

Why don't you cut down on the bigotry shit, because it's getting old. The Ku Klux Klan will not be around too much longer either. Let them motherfuckers try and rally up north. (You'll never see it.)

The only way this world is gonna get any better is if we all start treating each other like brothers and sisters. But thick-headed perverts like you don't see it.

Bye, you low-life bigots! (By the way, I don't think you have the balls to print this letter!)

—K. C.

U.S. Army
Fayetteville, North Carolina

We aren't bigots, and we aren't thickheaded. But you seem to be.

CHILD ABUSE:

I read Larry Flynt's *Publisher's Statement* "Stiff Sentences for Child Molesters" (September '84), and I fully agree with him. But there's just one thing: In his editorial he mentioned that people are requesting reprints of the October 1977 issue of HUSTLER. Is it possible to order a copy? Thank you and keep up the good work!

—Jack C. Szczesniak

South Bend, Indiana

We regret to inform you that the October '77 issue of HUSTLER is no longer available.

OLD GLORY:

I don't know why Larry Flynt got in trouble for wearing a U.S. flag as a diaper. I personally would rather see the national insignia draped on 100 unclad beauties than see or hear of the American flag being presented to the next of kin of a soldier killed while protecting our many freedoms and rights. I see nothing wrong with decorating a woman who's alive and

(continued on page 20)





DALE BOZZIO

CHART TOPPER/HEART STOPPER

When the tiny, 85-pound beauty showed up at HUSTLER's Talent Department in the winter of 1978, there was no way of knowing she'd become one of the music world's hottest recording and concert personalities. But like so many other ambitious young women, the platinum blonde had a dream. Filling out her model application at that time, she hoped "to be healthy, wealthy and wise/ultimately a rock 'n' roll singer/a star preferably."



HUSTLER

A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

FEBRUARY 1980 \$2.95

Happy Valentine's Day

SEX AND VIOLENCE
IN NEVADA
PROSTITUTION
BODYGUARDS:
PROTECTION
FOR HIRE
OUTER-SPACE
LURE

A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

MARCH 1979 \$2.50

SEX & THE
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FLESHMAN
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SCHOOLS
FOR
DIKTATORS

Exclusive!
SYLVESTER
"ROCKY"
STALLONE
NUDE!

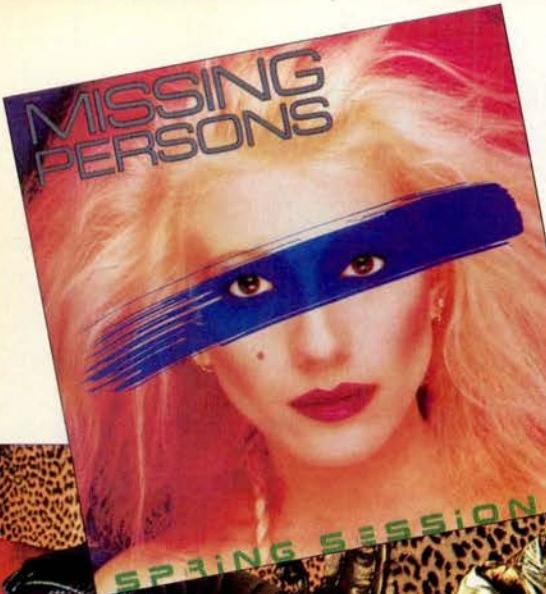




Seven years later Dale Bozzio is all that and more. She's the lead singer for Missing Persons, a high-energy band whose soaring sales bring a gleam to the eyes of Capitol Records' accountants. The group's first mini-album, produced independently, sold a phenomenal 250,000 copies. Then came *Spring Session M*, an LP whose three hit singles ("Words," "Destination Unknown" and "Walkin' in L.A.") helped earn them a gold record—symbolizing sales of more than 500,000.



Stage photos © Robert Matheu



During the past year Missing Persons released another fast-moving album, *Rhyme and Reason*; were featured in Frank Sinatra's video clip, *L.A. Is My Lady*; and recruited pop artist Peter Max to direct a video of their own, *Surrender Your Heart*, a state-of-the-art exercise in computer-generated visuals. But clearly the big reason for the band's accomplishments is Bozzio, whose squealing, birdlike voice, futuristic costuming and sexually suggestive movements have wowed audiences from coast to coast. In the wake of her deserved success, HUSTLER is proud to say we recognized Bozzio's sexual allure way back when. These cover photos and a March 1979 feature appearance—many of them never published before—spotlight the singer's bold, unashamed sensuality. Take a closer look. Can you see a star in the making? We did.





FEEDBACK

(continued from page 14)

well. This is a symbolic celebration of life in the United States.

On the other hand, decorating a fallen soldier's remains with the flag is the symbolic mourning of a nation. I would much rather celebrate life than mourn death. I am an American and proud of it. But as a member of this country's military forces, I pray I'll never be inside a flag-draped coffin.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

UP IN SMOKE:

Can you help me? I'm trying very hard to quit smoking—without much luck. I just can't go more than 24 hours without going nuts! A friend of mine told me he saw some pictures in an old copy of HUSTLER that showed cancerous lungs. I need motivation! Could you send me some pictures like that?

—Larry Langston
Nevada State Prison
Carson City, Nevada

We republished a number of our antismoking ads in our October '84 issue. To purchase a copy, see page 144.

I am writing in regard to a comment made in your November '84 Feedback by a lady who bitched about "smoker's rights" and

all that good shit. People like her piss me off and make me choke. I am a nonsmoker—always have been and always will be. I sure am sick of getting smoked-out.

Most smokers have absolutely no respect for us nonsmokers; so why should we respect them? The first thing people like her do is walk into a crowded room, light up a cigarette and pollute everybody's air.

As far as I'm concerned, the sooner the weed burners all die off, the better off we'll all be.

—W. E. Coplin
Myrtle Port, Oregon

GRATEFUL BEAVER:

I'm a gal who'd been chasing her dream for nine years. After receiving my LFP check, I know that some dreams come true. Thanks for fulfilling one of those dreams by printing my snapshot in the September '84 Beaver Hunt.

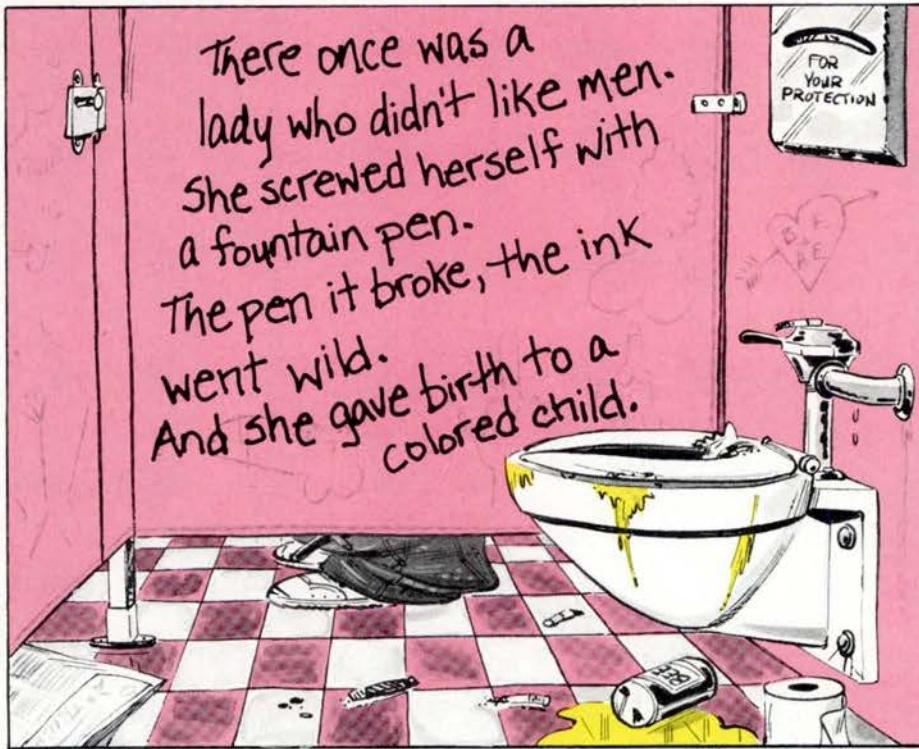
—Deja
Marina Del Rey, California

Thanks for sending it in.

CRAPOLA:

I have a question I hope you can answer: Do your models ever dump loads for the camera? I mean, you guys always run jokes and cartoons about shit and stuff like farts, but I find it hard to believe that the beautiful girls in your pages actually—you know—drop stool. Please print a pic-

GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND \$50 TO G.H., HEMINGFORD, NE

ture of a centerfold making ca-ca so my wife doesn't think I'm stupid.

—Georges Alvina
Address Withheld

After a tough photo-session our models are too pooped to poop. You'll have to find a magazine that caters to shit fetishists if you want shots of ladies' loads.

DOROTHY STRATTEN:

I put a great deal of consideration into writing this letter. I've never written to a magazine before; so I feel it would be interesting just to see if this was printed. Anyway, my purpose is to object to an ad parody in your July '84 issue that depicts Dorothy Stratten and her boyfriend, who shot and killed her and then himself a few years ago. The photo is disgusting, and in my opinion it is far below the standard of humor in HUSTLER. It's more suited for some low-life mag published in Europe.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

NEW READERS:

My husband and I just started buying sex magazines; so when we went to a store recently and asked the clerk to pick one out for us, it didn't matter what the name was. Luckily, it was HUSTLER.

We sure did enjoy your September '84 issue. My husband loves the pussy pictures, and I like the articles. My only complaint is, I'd like to see a few more peckers. Seeing pussies and peckers turns me on to no end.

—P. A. Davis
Rockhold, Kentucky

How about it, readers? Do you want more peckers in HUSTLER? ↗

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

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Jimmy Flynt, President

JACKIE PRESSER: (continued from page 44)

Cleveland Local 507 is ruled by fear. Teamsters business agent Rudy Nativo calls it a "benevolent dictatorship."

1951 he merged his jukebox operation with a Teamsters local and soon thereafter became Hoffa's chief lieutenant in Ohio—helping him win the Teamsters' presidency. In turn, Hoffa made Presser head of Ohio Joint Council 41. In 1971 a Labor Department memo called Presser's Joint Council a Who's Who of organized crime in northern Ohio.

The Pressers were an up-from-the-bootstraps family of Polish-Jewish ancestry that prided itself more on brawn than on education. Growing up in Cleveland, Jackie quit school in the eighth grade and began delivering jukeboxes for his father. During World War II he enlisted in the Navy at the age of 17, and after his discharge worked at peach canneries in California. By the time he returned to Cleveland in 1946, Big Bill had already hooked up with mobsters and was starting to muscle his way into the unions. He kept Jackie busy in a variety of union jobs and under his watchful eye.

Jackie Presser claims his rise to the Teamsters' pinnacle began with his success in building up Cleveland Local 507 from 12 members to many thousands. A

close examination of the record, however, tells a quite different story.

Local 507 was created in August 1966 by edict of Jackie's father, and Presser has controlled it ever since. Big Bill appointed him secretary-treasurer and principal officer and made his brother-in-law—Allen Friedman—vice-president. Jackie's sidekick, Harold Friedman (no relation to Allen), became 507's president. Another original officer was Curtis Conley, who served until 1974. He disappeared in 1980—a presumed gangland fatality.

The methods Presser used to build Local 507 were questionable, to say the least. A favorite ploy was snatching up or muscling in on other local union members from the Cleveland area. For example, warehouse workers from big grocery-store chains such as Kroger and Fisher-Fazio, who belonged to Local 407, were transferred to the new union with no vote taken on the shift. Local 197 was dissolved into 507 the following year, and 200 Seaway Foods employees belonging to Local 400 were also moved to 507. By 1976 three other locals were dis-

solved into Presser's union. All of this was the result of power plays by Bill Presser's Joint Council 41.

Following Presser's lead, 507 has become the most corrupt local in America, riddled with nepotism, conflicts of interest and kickback-taking. Members familiar with its workings paint this portrait of how Big Jackie's union operates:

In its 18-year history the local has never held an election for an officer. The same officials installed by Presser's father still run 507, except for those who have retired, died or been murdered. The only privileges members seem to have are to pay dues and be quiet.

Rarely is a quorum of 15 members—required for a legal vote—ever reached during meetings, and the officers themselves seldom attend. No minutes are read, no financial reports are ever filed, and the only motion made is to adjourn.

Contract negotiations are carried out in secret, frequently long after contracts have expired. Three of the largest groups of employees in the union—Kroger, Fisher-Fazio and Seaway Foods—went more than a year without signing new contracts. No explanation was ever given to Teamsters members, but the message was clear: 507's leaders were not looking out for the interests of the rank and file.

In early 1982, Cleveland Metal employees voted 38-2 to oust the union. One worker told the Cleveland media that they never would have done this "if the local union officials had just tried talking and listening to us. Instead, they always told us what we were going to do. They just flat out didn't give a damn."

The local is ruled by fear. Teamsters business agent Rudy Nativo calls it a "benevolent dictatorship." One member told federal labor officials that a 507 leader warned him that if he distributed literature critical of Presser, "his arms would be broken." Presser's 24-year-old son, Gary—currently Local 507's vice-president—accompanied the man who made the threat.

Jackie Presser runs the union like the inherited family business that it is. Gary, who like his father has never worked as a Teamster, receives a \$32,000 annual salary. Friedman, Presser's uncle, was paid \$52,000 a year for five years though he never worked for the union. Big Bill pioneered the art of multiple salaries and special pension funds.

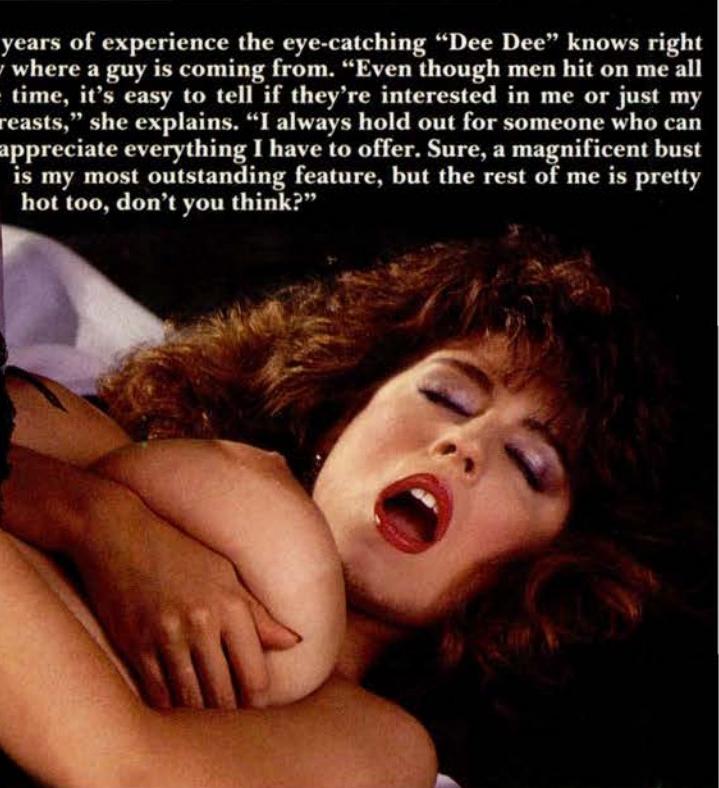
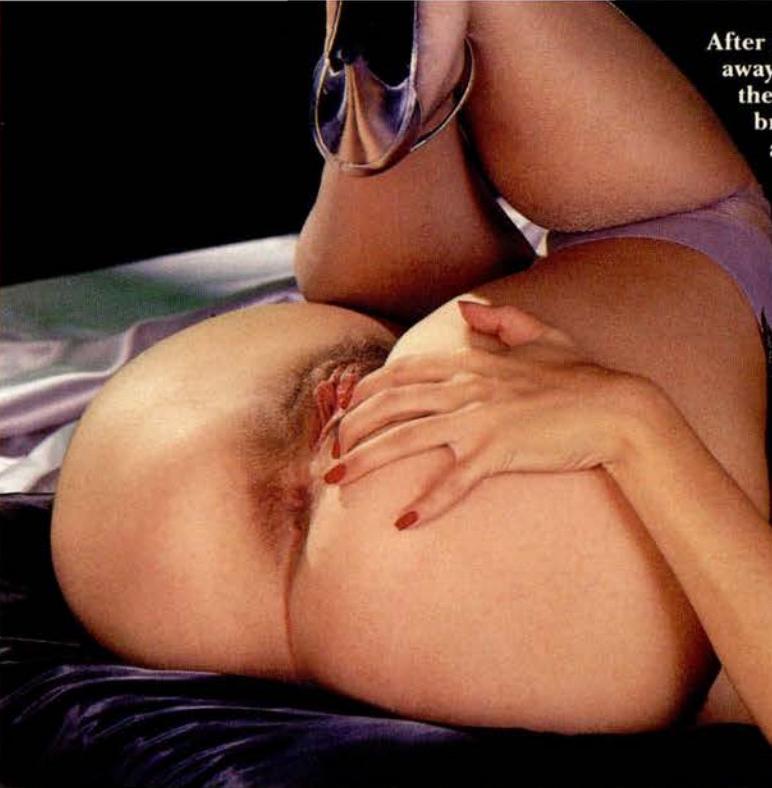
Jackie's mother, Faye Friedman Presser, received \$77,000 in 1981 from Joint Council 41. In 1982 she was paid \$221,807 (\$56,865 from the Ohio Conference and \$164,942 from Joint Council 41). Cindy Presser, Jackie's niece, was employed by the Joint Council for just four months in 1978. During that time she allegedly embezzled more than \$48,000.



"What a coincidence . . . I'm a necrophiliac too."

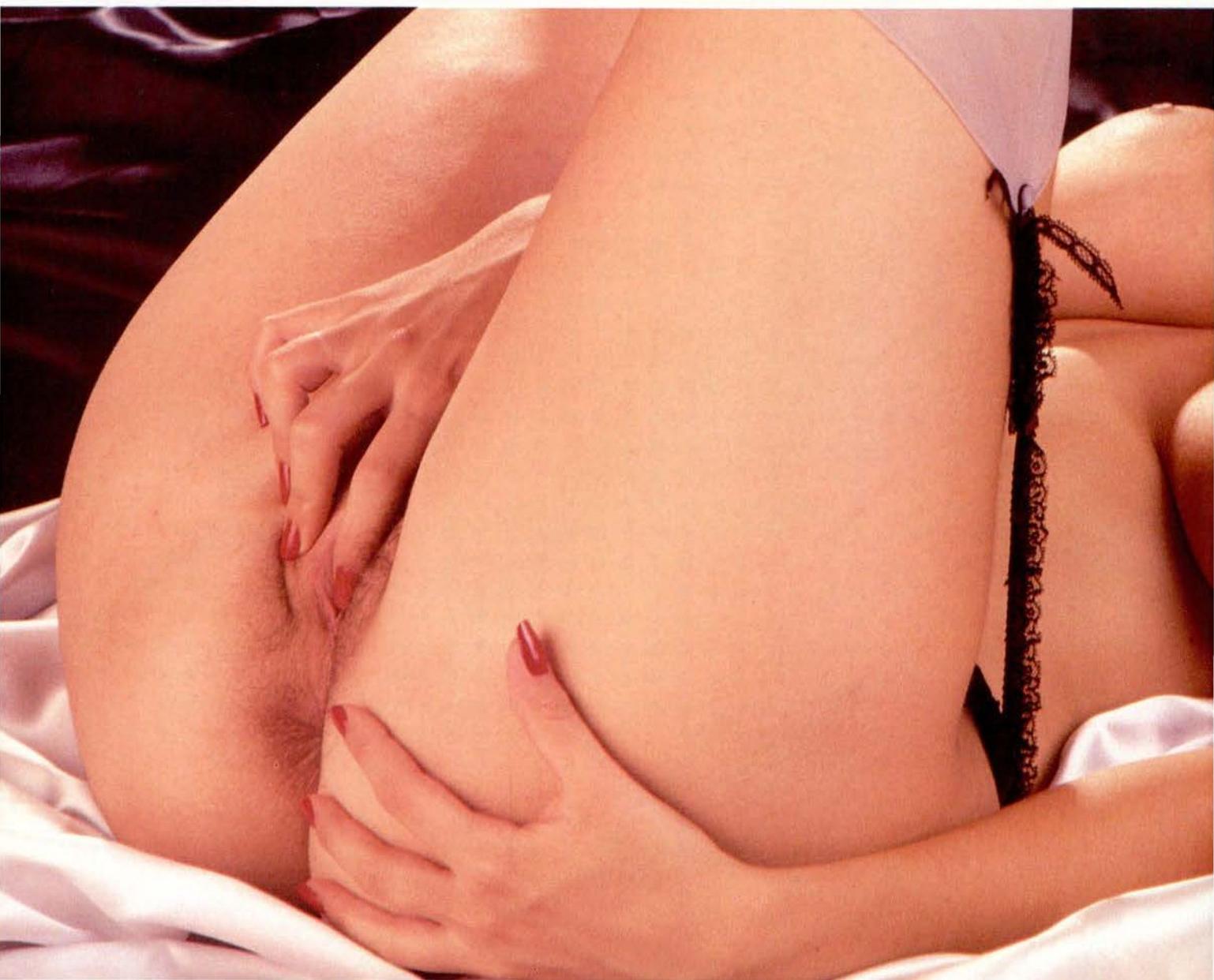






After years of experience the eye-catching "Dee Dee" knows right away where a guy is coming from. "Even though men hit on me all the time, it's easy to tell if they're interested in me or just my breasts," she explains. "I always hold out for someone who can appreciate everything I have to offer. Sure, a magnificent bust is my most outstanding feature, but the rest of me is pretty hot too, don't you think?"









"The kids gave me my nickname when I was in seventh grade," says 19-year-old "Dee Dee," squeezing her huge, soft breasts.

"I'll give you two guesses why they called me that. You see, I was an early bloomer. I was wearing a size 36DD bra by the time I was 13 years old. It made life a little difficult to be that young—just a little girl really—with a woman's body. At first the boys used to make fun of me, until they were mature enough to have fun *with* me. Look, I don't mean to sound conceited, but I'm able to do things to a man that other women can only dream about. I love the look and feel of a hard cock sliding between my boobs, and my nipples are almost as sensitive as my clit."



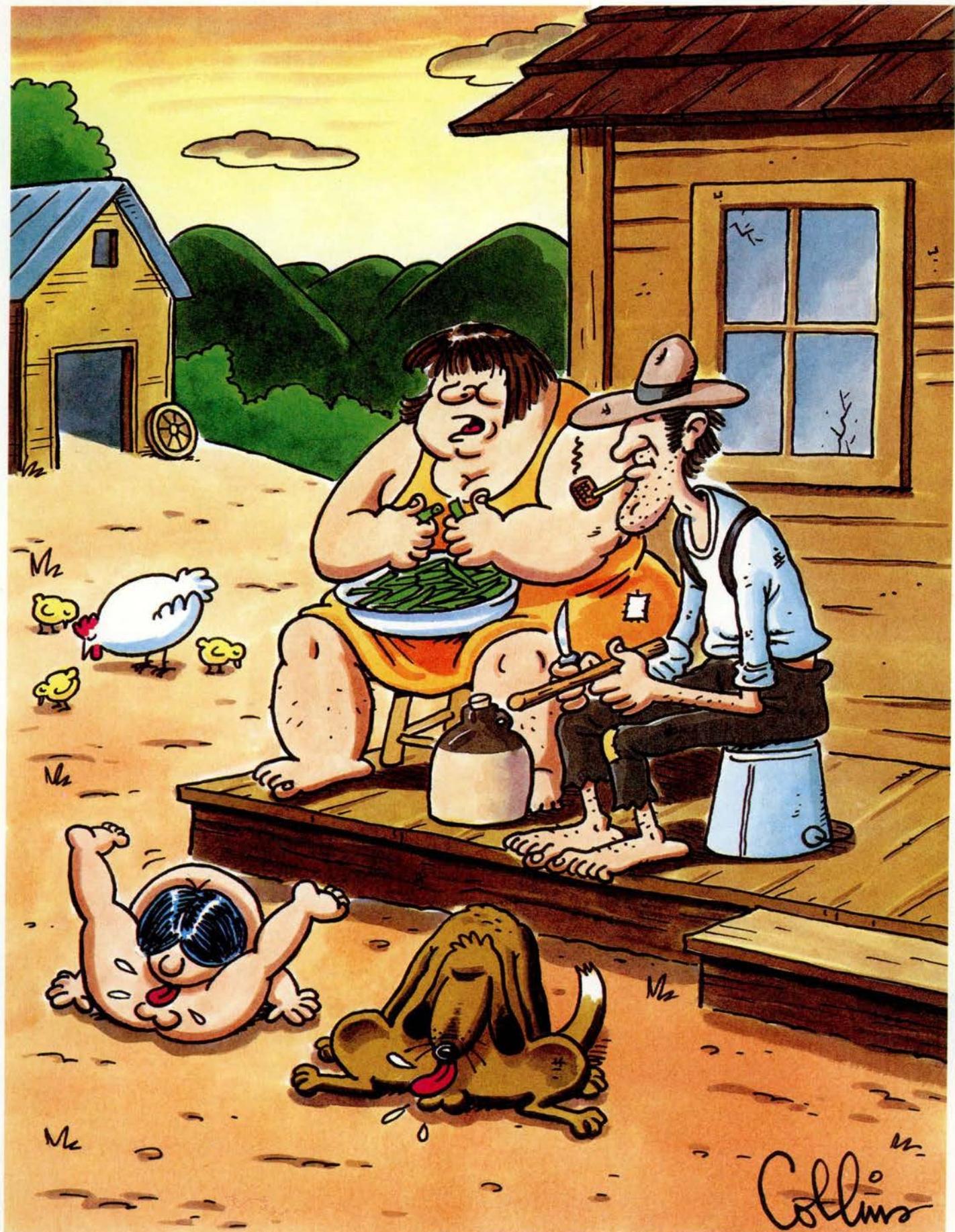


DEE DEE
BUSTING OUT



Photography by Douglas Hyun





"I think Junior needs some kids to play with, Pa!"

JACKIE PRESSER: (continued from page 42)

His supporters think he's the best thing to happen to the Teamsters since hookers started hanging out at truckstops.

has been prevented—or at least stalled—by certain Justice Department officials who consider Presser too much of a political hot potato. These officials, insiders say, have been influenced by Presser's strong connections with the White House.

The Teamsters was the only major union to endorse Ronald Reagan in his first run for the Presidency in 1980 and was the only one to do so in 1984—both times at the insistence of Presser. It looked like something out of a well-choreographed campaign commercial when Vice President George Bush stood beside Presser in Columbus, Ohio, last August to receive the Teamsters' blessings. The Reagan-Bush team desperately wanted the union seal of approval to show it could muster blue-collar support.

At first, Presser bluffed and said there might be no endorsement for Reagan unless Donald Dotson, the staunchly anti-union chairman of the National Labor Relations Board, was replaced. But some observers speculate that this precondition was leaked to the press as a political ploy by both the Reagan and Presser camps. By not caving in to the Teamsters' de-

mand to fire Dotson, Reagan was able to show that he was standing up to special interests, and at the same time it gave Presser the opportunity to let Dotson know he'd better back off on some of his anti-union rhetoric.

Although Reagan benefits from the Teamsters' support, some wonder if it's worth the price. "It carries a lot of baggage," one Presser critic says. "For example, the image of organized crime, the sleaze image. And here's a guy who heads the union but who can't deliver the members' votes." The fact is, Teamster support of Reagan is more symbolic than real. Polls of rank-and-file members taken at Teamster locals show that, like all other unions in America, a majority of Teamsters support the Democrats.

Why Presser has yet to be indicted for racketeering has puzzled observers for years, especially since Presser's uncle—Allen Friedman—agreed to cooperate with federal authorities. Friedman has been convicted of embezzling \$165,000 from Local 507 in Cleveland.

Sources say he agreed to testify against his nephew last January, presumably in

exchange for leniency with his own case.

"There is no doubt that the Feds have more than enough to indict and convict Presser," said a prominent Washington attorney.

"Nobody knows what's happening—that's the million-dollar question," says one Senate staff expert, commenting about the obvious stalls in the Presser investigation. According to others, you just have to look to the White House for the answers. Presser's endorsement of President Reagan, they say, has assured him of at least a temporary reprieve from jail.

Even though Presser may eventually be indicted, his supporters think he's the best thing to happen to the Teamsters since hookers started hanging out at truckstops. They claim that through a series of slick media campaigns he has actually helped to alter their image as a group of thugs and give them an air of professionalism. Unlike former bosses, he has worked 18-hour days to transform the union into a well-oiled business machine. And he is said to study Dun and Bradstreet reports on all the companies the Teamsters deal with so that he is well schooled on their financial health and the background of their directors.

His modern approach to business as a national Teamsters VP in the mid-'70s is credited by some with bringing the union into the 20th century. To beef up their image, Presser also got the Teamsters involved with charities and community groups. The Ohio Teamsters donated \$300,000 to local charities in 1976, more than any union in the state. Presser has received standing ovations when he speaks at union locals, and this newfound Teamster pride in their leader has allowed many of the rank and file to once again hold their heads high.

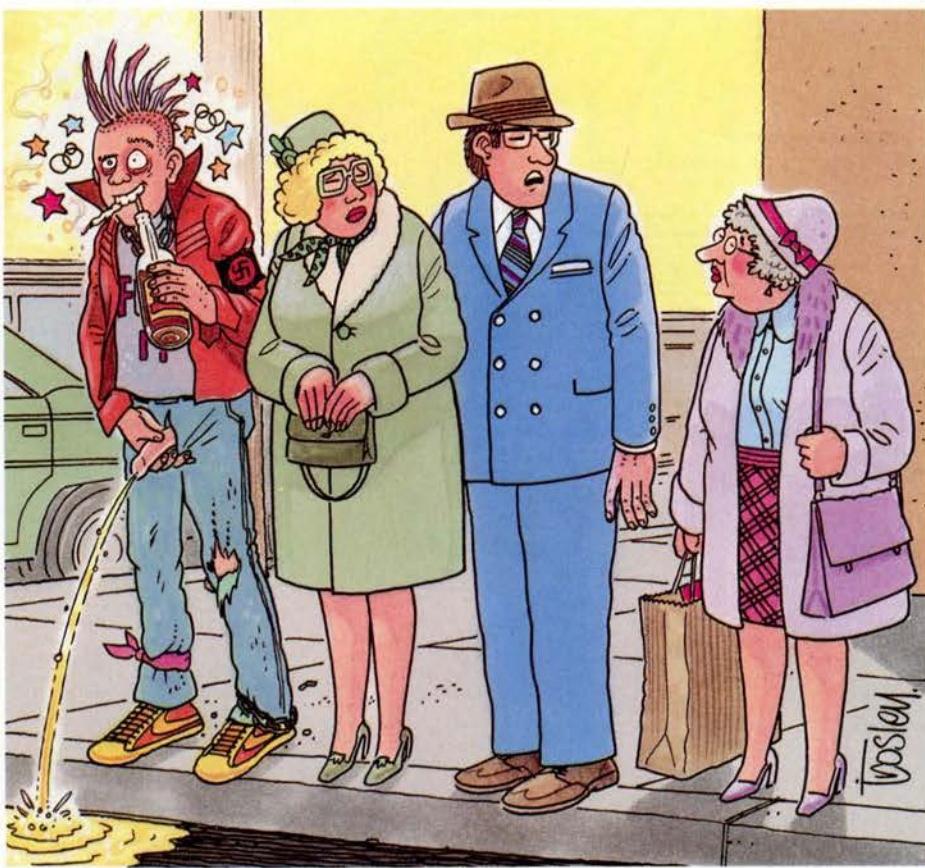
* * *

The street-smart Jackie Presser was destined for his role as King of the Road. His father, Big Bill Presser, served as a powerful official in the Ohio union hierarchy. Aside from the eight months Bill spent in prison for two felony convictions, his son was always at his side.

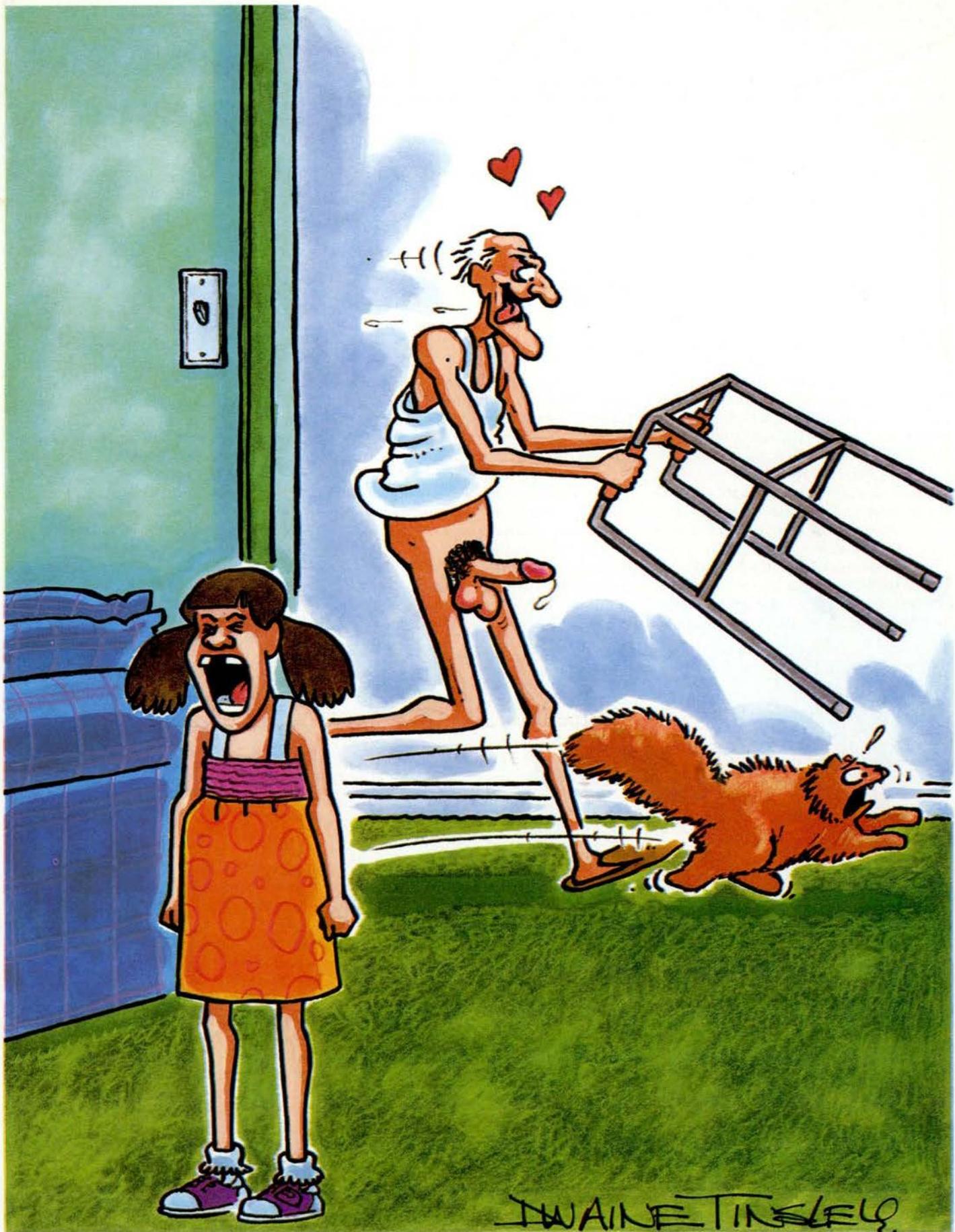
Bill Presser rose through the Teamsters' ranks in the shadow of Jimmy Hoffa. He became involved in union activities by organizing fish and poultry workers in 1926. By the early '40s he opened his own jukebox company with Mafia figure John Nardi and, according to the FBI, was involved in jukebox racketeering—using threats of violence to get his machines installed in small businesses such as nightclubs and soda shops.

Using members of organized crime, Big Bill continued expanding his jukebox racket and through these underworld contacts eventually met Jimmy Hoffa. In

(continued on page 56)



"Yes . . . he's our son, but we really prefer to think of him more as an experimental life form."



WAYNE TINSLY

"Hey, Ma! Grampa's hitting on the cat again!"

JACKIE PRESSER: (continued from page 41)

The unflappable Presser has learned to dodge more than bullets and bombs during his rise to the top.

weapon and returned fire. Ironically, the only damage done in the brief shootout was a bullet hole that pierced the Teamsters' charter hanging on a wall.

On another occasion Presser got out of his car after pulling into his garage and noticed that somebody had tampered with the fuse-box wiring. An electrician later told Presser that had he switched on the garage lights, his house—with him in it—would have been blown into oblivion.

The unflappable Presser, 58, has learned to dodge more than bullets and bombs during his rise to the top of the 1.8-million member International Brotherhood of Teamsters—the largest, richest and most powerful labor organization in the country, and probably the most ruthless and corrupt in the world. And he has become equally adept at ducking the numerous charges that have been made about his union.

At a Senate Labor Committee hearing held on June 7, 1983, Presser weathered a four-hour grilling by lawmakers who were clearly not pleased with his stonewalling. Senator Sam Nunn (D-Georgia), a relentless critic of union ties to orga-

nized crime, was hoping Presser would clear up some of those nagging rumors about the Teamsters' alleged criminal activities. His hopes faded quickly.

Wearing a smartly tailored imported suit, with diamond rings on each of his pinkies and a flashy bracelet with "Jackie" spelled out in glistening gems dangling from his wrist, the beefy, 300-pound Presser looked more like a 1920s gangster than a modern-day labor leader when he took the stand.

"Do you know a Mr. Joseph Camposano from West Patterson, New Jersey?" Senator Nunn asked. "Have you ever heard of him?"

"No," said Presser tersely.

"Camposano was president of Teamsters Local 945," the senator explained, hoping to jog Presser's memory. "He was convicted of taking kickbacks. He served in office for 22 months after his conviction. Have you ever heard of a Mr. Robe G. Smith from Detroit, Michigan?"

Again, Presser answered no.

"Teamsters Union business agent, Local 299," Nunn told the impassive witness. "He was convicted of a violation of

the Hobbs Act, extortion. He served in office for 43 months after conviction."

Other senators proceeded to question Presser at length about allegations that his home Local 507 in Cleveland had "ghost employees" on the payroll—people who were paid by the union without ever working for it—and that he had received kickbacks from a public-relations contract. He denied these charges, trying to convince the lawmakers that he had no connections to the rotten core of the Teamsters' past leadership.

Aside from such embarrassing inquisitions, Jackie Presser has come to enjoy his role as the new King of the Road. Since rising to the Teamster throne through a hierarchy of family connections in April 1983, the nation's highest-paid union boss—with combined salaries exceeding \$500,000 a year—flies in private jets high above the card-carrying rank-and-file members who criss-cross America's highways. (Presser, incidentally, has *never* worked as a union trucker.)

A large part of his power base is the billions of dollars in union pension funds he controls. Such tempting financial assets have traditionally lured Teamsters officials into corruption. Three of the last four presidents—Roy Williams, Jimmy Hoffa and Dave Beck—have gone to jail. At least 49 Teamster leaders have been convicted of crimes in the past four years, and more than 75 indictments for racketeering have been handed down by the federal government. Many of these officials have ripped off dues or been convicted of crimes, yet still hold union jobs and collect their salaries.

Presser was the first Teamsters official to testify before a Congressional hearing in more than three years. The last to appear was his predecessor, Williams, who invoked the Fifth Amendment 23 times, refusing to answer questions about his alleged ties to organized crime. Along with Teamsters Pension Fund czar Allen Dorfman, he was later convicted of misusing union funds and trying to bribe a U.S. senator. Dorfman was eventually gunned down in a Chicago parking lot, presumably to keep his mouth shut about the skeletons in the Teamsters' closet.

The most notorious Teamster, of course, was Jimmy Hoffa, who served prison time for jury-tampering and is believed to have left our midst wearing custom-made concrete Sicilian loafers, the victim of a Mafia double-cross.

Knowledgeable sources believe that Jackie Presser is ripe to take the next fall. A Cleveland grand jury has been looking into the matter of the "ghost employees" at Local 507. An organized-crime task force in the U.S. Justice Department has long sought to have Presser indicted for misuse of union funds. Reportedly, this





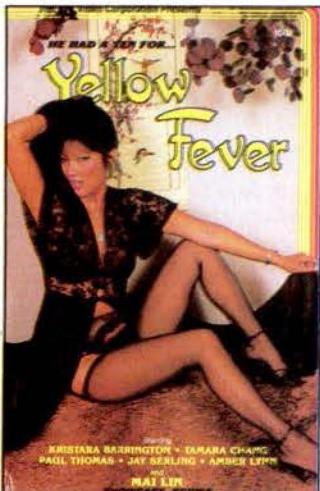
TEAMSTERS BOSS JACKIE PRESSER

Big Woes for the King of the Road

Not everyone likes Jackie Presser. Back in 1966, when the controversial labor leader was just settling into his office as head of the newly chartered Teamsters Local 507 in Cleveland, Ohio, a disgruntled union member burst through the door waving a gun and spewing obscenities. Suddenly, he fired a shot at the startled Presser, who felt the bullet whiz past his head. Without hesitation, Jackie whipped out his own

Profile by Corky Johnson and Don Goldberg





"Chang" is really Tamara Longley in a black wig. The plot of *Yellow Fever* is thin but promising: A Vietnam veteran (Jay Serling) can no longer make it with his wife (silicone-stacked sex kitten

-D. O.



'Fever': Paul Thomas plays Stuff the Egg Roll with "Chang" and Barrington.

Amber Lynn). But he's aroused by Oriental pussy. In order to relieve the sexual tension at home, Serling talks a buddy (Paul Thomas) into seducing the ultra-



Thomas relieves lovely Amber Lynn's sexual tension in 'Yellow Fever.'

horny Lynn while he's out getting his chopstick chewed by the "Chinese" Trio. Miraculously, everything works out in the end: Mai Lin moves in with Serling and Lynn, perpetual hard-ons are assured, and the three live happily ever after. Although the story is hampered by uneven directing, acting and production quality, this release does boast some steamy sex. A slow, sensual suck-and-fuck between Thomas and Lynn and a Sapphic pussy-pounding by Lynn and Mai Lin stand out as real wanger-whackers. Unfortunately, our hero seems to have as much difficulty getting it up with the pearls of the Pacific as he does with his wife. Despite the fact that the girls are forced to double their efforts to help Serling rise to the occasion, *Yellow Fever* rarely rises above 98.6°.

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Tanya Packs It In

After only a dozen films, Tanya Lawson—a contender for porn's major leagues—has hung up the garter belt, hose and high heels and retired from the blue screen. She'll certainly be missed. In addition to her lovely body and stunning sexual performances, Tanya is one of a handful of porn luminaries who can—with a straight face—truly be called actresses. So why is this spunky X-rated star calling it quits? "There are a lot of reasons," she recently told HUSTLER.

"But one is that I wanted my films to be more artistic. Does that sound stupid? Listen, I know what kind of business I was in, and I'm not ashamed. But I was tired of being treated like a piece of meat. I wanted more control over my performances and the freedom to really create a character. I think porn could be a lot more adventuresome. Too many producers are content to underestimate their audience's intelligence and continue to grind out the same old stuff. Besides, I just couldn't stand another dick in my face."



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'L'Amour': Ravishingly beautiful Angel gives phone sex a new meaning.

sex action—even when scientific equipment that measures their heart and pulse rates, surface skin responses and sopping-wet pussies says otherwise. The honest truth is that women are just as aroused by porn as men, but they've been taught by society to deny it. (See last month's *Sex Play*, "Pornography: Turning On the Female Audience.") So c'mon, filmmakers, stop sucking up to this hypocritical nonsense and put the X back in X-rated!

Oh, yeah . . . *L'Amour*. Great photography, very good acting, clever script. The sex? A yawn. Here's the plot: Kay Parker, out of money, moves in with ex-husband Harry Reems and his new young wife (Angel—one of the most heavenly bodies ever to grace the blue screen). Son Tom Byron comes too—and does most of the "coming." Harry and Kay fall back in love, and Angel returns to Jamie Gillis, everybody's divorce lawyer and best friend. The end.

If indeed there is a women's market, *L'Amour* may find an audience. Either way this flick is strictly limpland.

—D. O.

exclusively on unusual sex couplings. As a matter of fact, there's hardly a "straight" fuck in the flick. Alex deRenzy is a master of the sexually offbeat, and though there's nothing so bizarre here as enemas or fist-fucking, lovers of light kink are going to get a big rise out of *Dirty Girls*.

For those fascinated by older woman/young stud combinations, deRenzy offers Helga Sven, a busty Zsa Zsa Gabor-type who's fucked silly by the youthful Christian. (This movie is loaded with one-name performers.) Not only will this segment satisfy the "mother" fuckers in the house, it's also certain to appeal to fat fetishists. Helga has a swell face and tits to die for—but she can no longer be called slender. Nevertheless, Christian plugs her like a real pro, and Helga's flesh heaves and quakes like an 8 on the Richter scale under his jackhammer thrusts.

Another terrific scene fea-

tures the versatile Kelly Nichols taking the cock of a gent named Rocky up her poop chute while Billy Dee dorks her cunt. But the real double-penetrator's delight is saved for last. Blair Harris and Tom Byron drop in on Colleen Brennan, a willing wench who easily takes both their cocks in her roomy snatch.

Also of note are a scorching Sapphic shootout between Stacey Donovan and Cody Nicole, and a surprising moment when Joanna Storm (prior to engaging in a fourway with Francois, Christian and Kitten) squats in the shower and sends a stream of hot piss down the drain.

As you may have guessed,



Stacey Donovan and Cody Nicole—two of the 'Dirty Girls' in deRenzy's scorcher.

there's absolutely no plot here. But who cares? The hard-core action is hot and heavy, virtually nonstop and superbly directed. If you're a connoisseur of offbeat sex, *Dirty Girls* will have your joint jumping in no time.

—D. O.



Joanna Storm and Kitten join in a sweaty, mixed-doubles workout in 'Dirty Girls.'

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

- Alexandra
- Dixie Ray-Hollywood Star
- Every Woman Has a Fantasy
- Firestorm
- Fleshdance
- Hot Pursuit
- Insatiable II
- Maneaters
- Rx for Sex
- Spitfire

Three-Quarters Erect

- All American Girls in Heat
- Corruption
- Erotic Radio WSEX
- Female Sensations
- Girlfriends
- Go for It
- Hypersexuals
- Night Magic
- Piggy's
- Playing With Fire
- Public Affairs
- Sex Spa U.S.A.
- Studhunters
- Temptation
- Throat . . . 12 Years After
- Unthinkable

Half Erect

- All the Way In
- Babylon Blue
- Flashpants
- Inflamed
- Kinky Business
- Pleasure Zones
- Private Moments
- Sex Play
- Sexdance Fever
- Show Your Love
- Sulka's Wedding

One-Quarter Erect

- An Unnatural Act
- Sweet Young Foxes
- The Challenge of Desire
- When She Was Bad

Totally Limp

- Bodacious Ta Ta's
- Virginia

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

	FULLY ERECT
	Superior. A top production.
	THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
	A well-made film.
	HALF ERECT
	So-so. Limited appeal.
	ONE-QUARTER ERECT
	Poor. Don't expect much.
	TOTALLY LIMP
	A waste of time and money.

Dirty Girls

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced, written and directed by Alex deRenzy, starring Jacqueline Larians, Jamie Gillis, Stacey Donovan, Cody Nicole, Helga Sven, Christian, Kelly Nichols, Billy Dee, Rocky, Joanna Storm, Kitten, Francois, Colleen Brennan, Tom Byron and Blair Harris. Running time: 83 minutes.

Despite what its title suggests, this is not an exposé of the poor hygiene habits of blue-screen bimbos. Instead, it's a cheerful, erotic romp that dwells almost



Producer R. Bolla auditions would-be starlet Tanya Lawson in 'Great Sexpectations.'

that." Some of the more outrageous characterizations include R. Bolla's first-time producer, an insensitive lout who knows nothing about making X-raters but believes that since he has money, he automatically knows more about everything than anyone else. Then there's Chelsea Blake's pushy stage mother, who's determined that her daughter (Lawson) will become a smut star; and Kelly Nichols's Marilyn Camp, a takeoff on all prima-donna porn queens—but mostly an elbow-in-the-ribs to living legend Marilyn Chambers.

As for fuck-and-suck action, there's plenty, and it's high-voltage stuff. Pachard has created each sex scene to reflect the psychological state of the participants. Consequently, we get not only a lot of sex, but a variety: from a sensual bathtub romp with Joanna Storm, Eric Edwards and Renee Summers to a ball-burning performance featuring Nichols and Leslie to the emotional and physical brutality of a three-way orchestrated by Nichols. (Blake is devastated when she's forced to eat Nichols's pussy while



'Sexpectations': Kelly Nichols's performance is a sheer tour-de-fuck.

being butt-fucked by Edwards.)

Great Sexpectations is proof that hot sex does mix with a meaty story: It's romantic, farfetched, hilarious, ugly, sexy, real... and always entertaining. This is one hell of a film, and Henri Pachard is one hell of a filmmaker. —D.O.



Trinity Brown

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Sam Norvell; written by Alec Burke;



'Trinity': This laid-back erotic dancer's artistry is all it's cracked up to be.

directed by Robert McCallum; starring Colleen Brennan, John Leslie, Joey Silvera, Tamara Longley, Kimberly Carson, Jamie Gillis and Melanie Scott. Running time: 84 minutes.

Trinity Brown is as solid as brass knuckles. This well-directed, masterfully photographed murder mystery is guaranteed to stiffen the banana in the fruit of the looms of anyone who likes suspense combined with hard-core action. Though the script falls a bit short in the clarity and originality departments and the sex is conventional, the dialogue is nevertheless crisp and believable, and we are served up a generous

portion of erotic encounters.

The story is basic cops and robbers: When a notorious gangster is bumped off, Trinity Brown (Colleen Brennan) and her partner, Zack Fredricks (John Leslie) are called in to solve the crime. The main suspect (Joey Silvera), a friend of the deceased, had been screwing the guy's wife (Tamara Longley).

As Brennan and Leslie run all over town checking out leads, tips and alibis, they play Hide the Weenie with practically everyone they question. Leslie sticks it to Silvera's alibi (Kimberly Carson) and the bereaved widow. Brennan fucks the hell out of a sleazy Hollywood agent (Jamie Gillis) and Silvera. When Leslie is hospitalized, Brennan is left on her own. In a not-so-surprising twist ending, she gets her man... so to speak.

Even though the sex is not very inventive, there are some remarkably intense and steamy sessions. Silvera and Longley have a torrid tryst that is sure to singe your shorthairs, and Carson—in her searing sex-bout with Leslie—proves she is one of porn's hottest fucks. But the top honors go

to Brennan, an absolute animal in rut. She has the enthusiasm of three horny sluts and sucks cock like a champion. Brennan may not be the most beautiful slice in town, but when she fucks 'em, they stay fucked.

—D.O.



L'Amour

One-Quarter Erect. Produced by Marga Aulbach; written by Chester Carli; directed by Jack Remy and Marga Aulbach; starring Angel, Kay Parker, Harry Reems, Jamie Gillis, Ginger Lynn, Shanna McCullough and Tom Byron. Running time: 85 minutes.



Horny Colleen Brennan gets a gift that keeps on giving in 'Trinity Brown.'

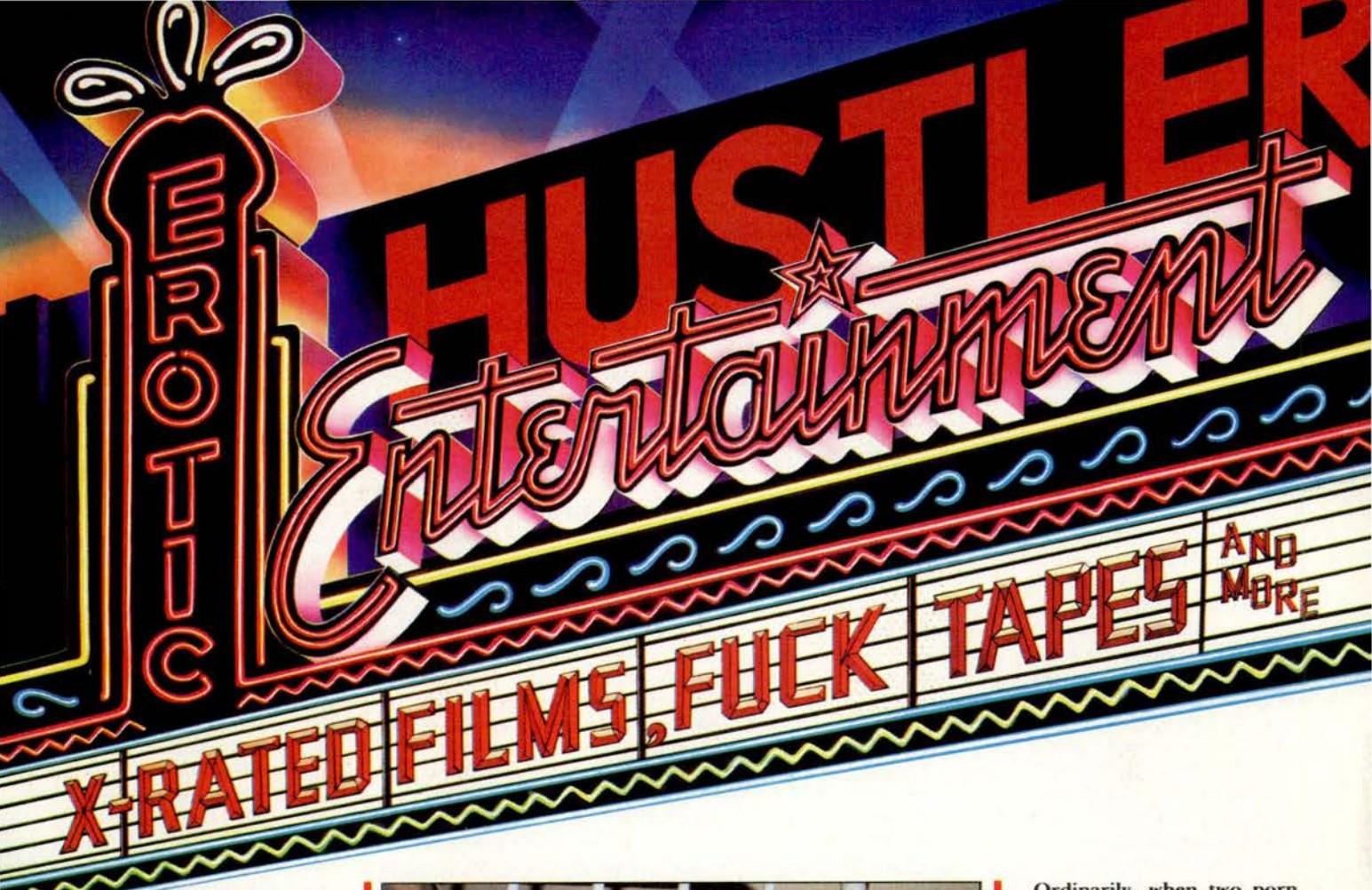
If you've never had sex and have never seen a fuck film, you just might think *L'Amour* is hot stuff. If, on the other hand, you've had sex more than once in any given year and have seen even a few X-raters, you'll know right off that *L'Amour* hardly qualifies as an adult movie. This is not to say that there's absolutely no sex in the film. There is. But to say that the *Mary Tyler Moore Show* had an equal amount of cum-shots would not be stretching the truth too much.

This flick is typical of the flood of recent releases that try so hard to capture the so-called women's market, they forget what they're really supposed to be: fuck films. These wimped-out productions generally feature top-flight photography, good acting and well-written scripts. But the sexual encounters are often simulated, or the camera turns blushing away from the core of the action, or the scenes are too short to satisfy even the most premature ejaculators, or there are just too few sex scenes. Usually, it's all of the above.

Apparently, this reluctance to deliver the sexual goods is supposed to appeal to women. Maybe it does. Studies show that most women claim that they don't get turned on by graphic



Newcomer Angel eases into married life with Harry Reems in 'L'Amour.'



X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Doug Oliver

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

Great Sexpectations

Fully Erect. Produced by David Stone; written and directed by Henri Pachard; starring Eric Edwards, Kelly Nichols, R. Bolla, Honey Wilder, John Leslie, Joanna Storm, Jerry Butler, Tanya Lawson, Renee Summers, Chelsea Blake, Carol Cross, George Payne, Silver Star and Dick Howard. Running time: 85 minutes.



Porn duo Joanna Storm and George Payne easily fulfill our 'Great Sexpectations.'

Ordinarily, when two porn stars ready to bury the bone start exchanging lines like, "Go ahead and hurt me—I love it when you hurt me . . ." and "I want to hurt your mind; I don't want to hurt your pussy . . ." there's a strong temptation just to let go and puke in the aisle. However, in *Great Sexpectations*—a fuck film about the making of a fuck film—this sappy dialogue will bring a smile to your face rather than send that half-digested pizza and six-pack splattering to the floor. For one thing, it's a terrific parody of standard sex-scene chitchat. For another, it exposes the air-head mentality of people who are convinced they have a flair for uttering profound statements. (Interestingly, one of the actors—John Leslie—plays himself.)

But double-edged dialogue is only one facet of the brilliance of this production. Writer/director Henri Pachard and his excellent cast have carved out some remarkable characters from the stereotypes that inhabit their bizarre world. The performances range from subtle (Tanya Lawson) to exaggerated (Kelly Nichols); yet all contain that germ of truth which makes us gasp, "Holy shit! I know someone just like



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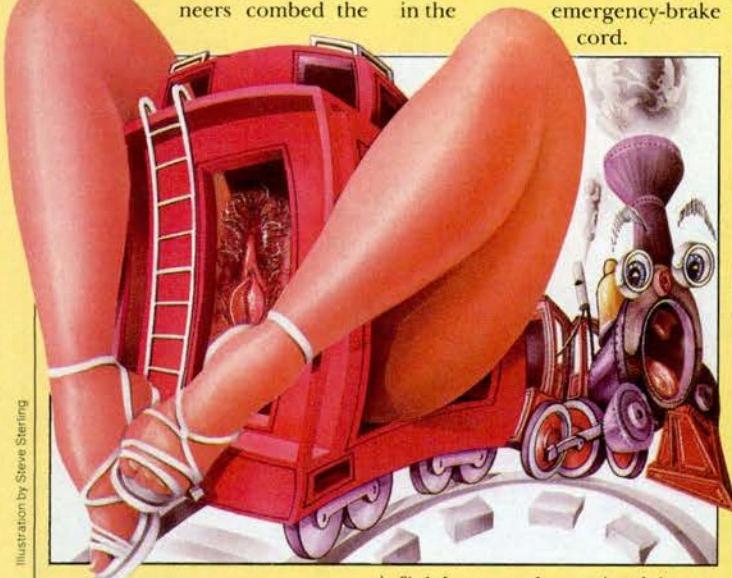
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February 1985

QUICKIE IN THE CABOOSE

Paris, France—Traveling at high speed on its Paris-to-Venice run, the fabled Orient Express refused to budge after a scheduled stop at Innsbruck, Austria. Perplexed engineers combed the

train in search of the trouble. Finally, in one of the last compartments checked, they found a young lady and her boyfriend fucking, oblivious to the fact that the woman's foot was entangled in the emergency-brake cord.



Horsing Around

Belgrade, Yugoslavia—"It was like a mass version of Lady Godiva's ride—without horses," say police who raided a cemetery in the village of Bela Crkva. Officers who approached a herd of naked women riding imaginary horses, to the accompaniment of taped religious music, reported that the romping ceremony was part of a "magic cure" being offered by a local farmworker. The ladies had paid him up to \$65 each—although no one admitted what it was they were trying to cure. Obviously, the con man who set up this quirky operation was really taking the ladies for a ride.

The Russians Are Coming

Shannon, Ireland—A young Soviet couple nearly caused an international incident at Shannon Airport when they were mistaken for political defectors. During a stop on their Havana-to-Moscow flight they approached a salesman at the duty-free store and in halting English asked for "protection." The couple were then whisked away for questioning by immigration authorities. But of-

ficials soon determined it was rubbers, not asylum, the hot-blooded Russkis were after.

Mirror, Mirror on the Wall

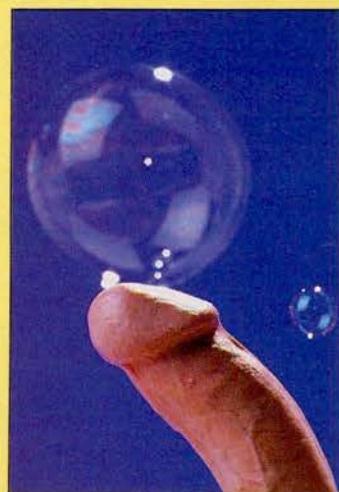
San Diego, CA—Two voyeuristic alumni were expelled from Delta Sigma Phi fraternity at California State University—San Diego for installing a oneway mirror in a bathroom door used by female guests at dances and parties. And three undergraduate fraternity members were placed on probation for failing to report its existence to administrators. It seems the frat rats just wanted a closer look before sampling the merchandise.

British Cheek

Paris, France—Smokers wanting to buy cigarettes in the beach resort of Vendays-Montalivet have to show their own butts first. It seems the town's only remaining cigarette stand is smack in the middle of the local nudist camp. This has posed a number of embarrassing problems, especially for bare-assed British tourists who ask for a pack of fags and end up being gang-banged by a bunch of Parisian pansies.

"ANDA INA, ANDA OUTA . . ."

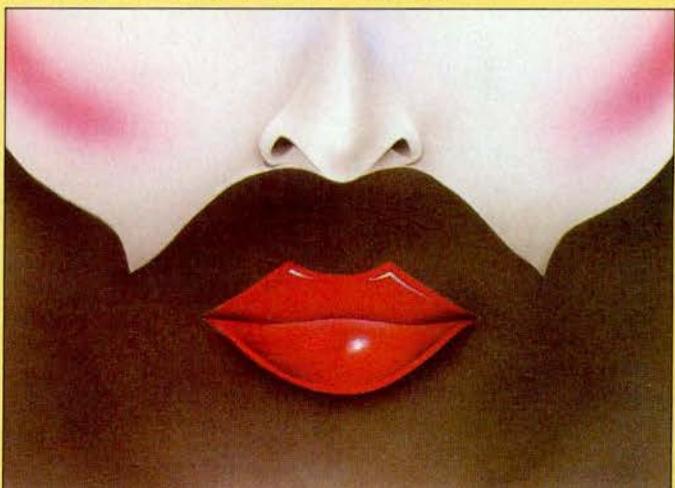
Los Angeles, CA—Robert Ralston, Lawrence Welk's organist for more than 20 years, was arrested recently on two counts of child molestation and one count of oral copulation after allegedly transporting a boy from New York to California for the purpose of sexual abuse. The musician is also up on charges of allegedly buggering a Southern California youth. A judge released Ralston and his organ on \$10,000 bail. "Oh, wunnaful, oh, wunnaful. . . ."



Getting Off Write-off

Taipei, Republic of China—with April 15th rolling around once again, a lot of big spenders are looking for creative tax breaks. Well, here's a spicy one that comes all the way from Taiwan, and although the Internal Revenue Service here wouldn't approve, the scheme would probably go over like gangbusters in the American business community if it ever were legalized. Under a new Taiwanese law a man is

able to claim a \$550 deduction for the upkeep of his mistress. But that's only if the lady is under 20 years old or over 60—age brackets in which a woman would be harder pressed to support herself. The Finance Ministry expects that few of the eligible men will have the balls to claim the benefits from this loophole. Explains an Oriental tax specialist, "Most usually write their mistresses off as 'business-related expenses.' "



TV DATING

Tacoma, WA—Ever wonder how to get a date if you're a transvestite or a transsexual? You certainly can't join an ordinary singles club or go to just any bar. But now there's hope for all those lonely cross-dressers out there: The U.S. Transvestite-Transsexual Contact Service. Founded four years ago in Seattle, it's been

doing a hot-and-heavy business ever since. Real transvestites and transsexuals pay no fee. Admirers—men and women who are not TVs but simply like to go out with them—are charged \$40. Philip Salem, co-founder of the dating service, says he started it because "everyone needs company." Clearly, many Americans don't think that dating a drag queen is a drag.

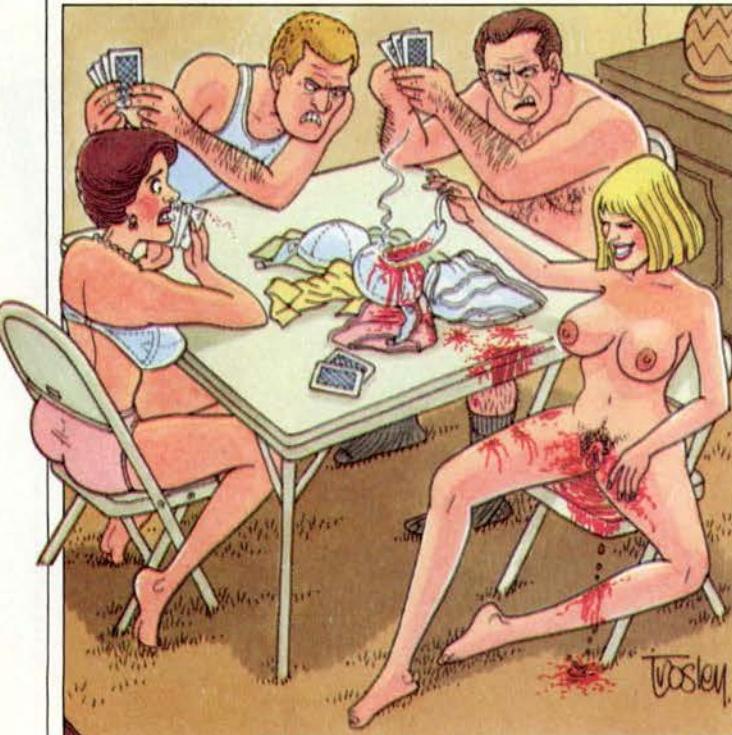
Con Artist



Today's prisoners are being encouraged to express themselves artistically as part of their rehabilitation programs. This former bank robber has been an excellent student. In between killing cockroaches, making license plates and taking it up the butt, he has been working on his latest artistic masterpiece, appropriately titled *Still Life With Warden*. They say a picture's worth a thousand words—or, as in this guy's case, ten to 20 extra years in the slammer.

A Cliché We'd Like to See

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Boy, your wife really knows how to ruin a game of strip poker!"

HUSTLER Update

ORGANIZED CRIME: CONSPIRACY AT THE MEAT MARKET

July '82

Reporter Steve Govoni exposed the packaging and sale of diseased beef and the peddling of horsemeat disguised as the real thing. Rudolph Stanko, formerly a major supplier of meat to the nation's school-lunch program, was recently sentenced by a federal district judge in Denver to a six-year prison term and fined \$70,000 for processing meat rejected by Agriculture Department inspectors. We applaud the court and urge the prosecution of those who place profit over the consumers' health.



OUR MAN IN GRENADA: SEARCHING FOR THE TRUTH

April '84

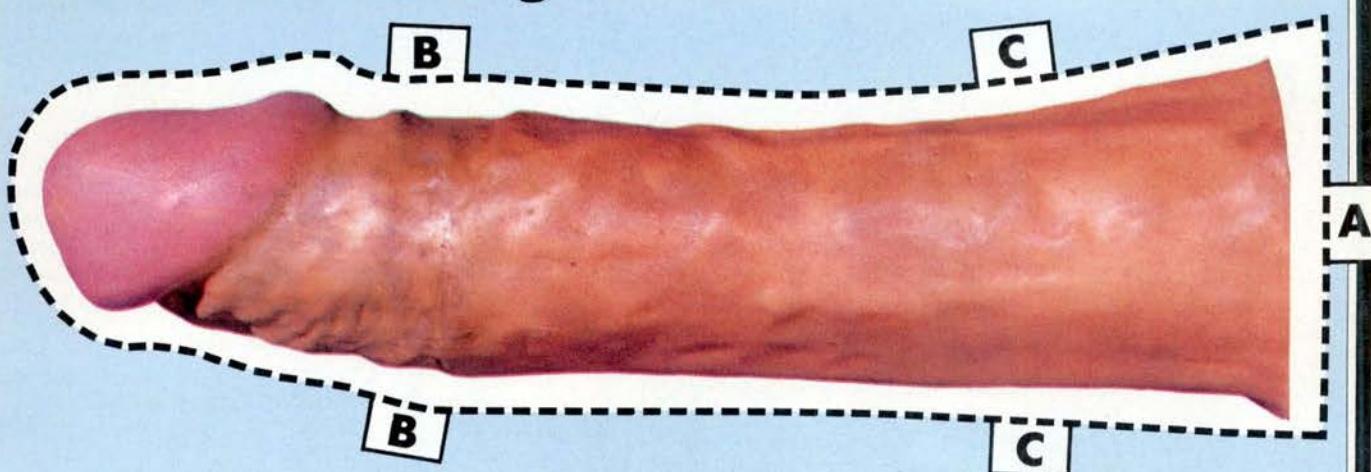
Last year's invasion represented Reagan's gunboat diplomacy at its worst. The fact that the press was kept in the dark for days after it had taken place was an insult to the First Amendment. Larry Flynt filed suit against Secretary of State George Shultz and Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, demanding press access to military operations. The government recently relented and announced the formation of a pool of 12 media representatives to accompany future U.S. invasion forces.



Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-submitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For February, \$150 goes to Edward A. Bylicki and John Costoney. *HUSTLER*'s comments on pictures, people, trademarks, and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. *HUSTLER*'s use of such items is not authorized by the person named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.

Polish Penis Enlarger



For a bigger, thicker cock:

1. Cut along dotted lines with pinking shears.
2. Clean dick thoroughly with

coarse steel wool, making sure that all loose hairs and stray pieces of lint are removed.

3. Attach flap A firmly to base of

penis with a smear of Krazy Glue.

4. Attach flaps B and C to shaft of penis with "ouchless" Band-Aids.

5. *Do not get wet!*



Queen of the JAPs

First came Miss America. Next it was Miss World and Miss Universe. Now there's an actual pageant that will crown Ms. International Jewish Beauty. Although the judges will probably cast ballots in the usual areas—talent, swimsuits, congeniality—

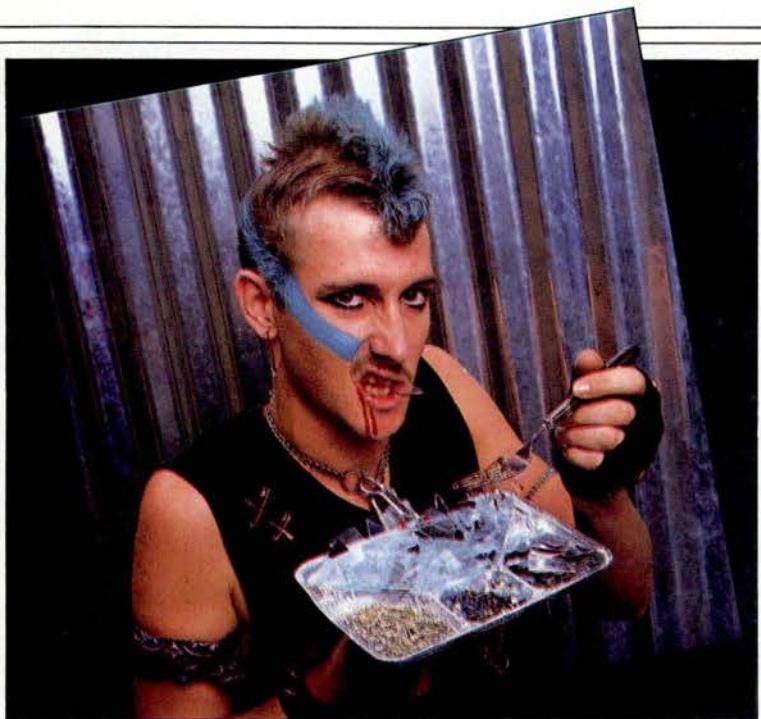
HUSTLER offers a much more realistic idea of the categories that should be considered: inability to experience orgasm, spending money, number of telephone calls made to Mother in a 24-hour period, nipple-hair density and quality of nose job.

Stash in the Gash

One of our strung-out editors suggested a surefire way for former model Cristina Ferrare DeLorean to capitalize on her husband's acquittal on cocaine-trafficking charges and the publicity about their upcoming divorce. He thought she could introduce her own brand of designer sanitary protection—New Freedumb, the smuggling pad for the modern woman on the run. Each individually packed napkin would contain up to two ounces of white powder and still out-absorb the leading brand. Cristina's advertising motto

might be: "I just love my New Freedumbs—they let me walk with confidence. They're so comfortable, the Feds will never know I'm wearing them. And best of all, they never sting." The editor who came up with this idea is on his way to *Swank*.





Heavy-Metal Meals

Are you a hard-core orphan punk who doesn't have the time (or the patience) to prepare a well-balanced, home-cooked meal? Try the new Mean Cuisine dinners from Hate Watchers. These frozen foods don't even need to be popped in the oven. You can just eat 'em *as is*. Choose from stomach-shredding treats like glass and

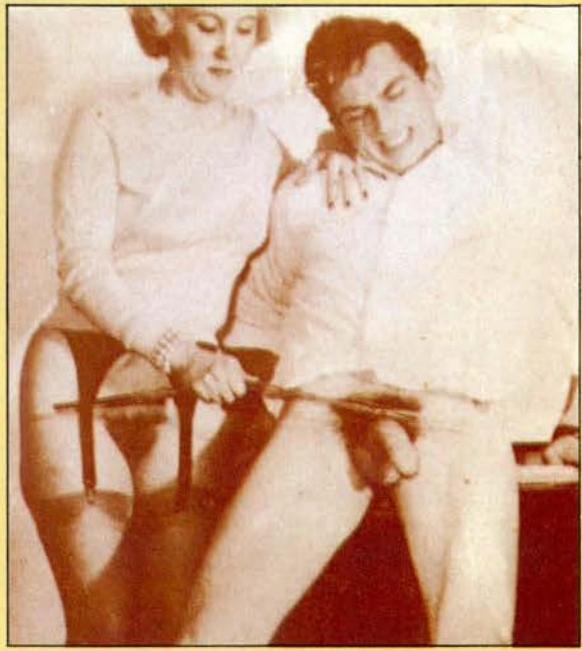
thumbtacks or razors and rusty nails, or be international and sink your teeth into such German favorites as barbed wire and sauerkraut. There's even a Third World delicacy from Iran: pebbles and gravel, something you really can't sink your teeth into. Mean Cuisine is the perfect treat for the punk with the cast-iron colon—and a brain to match.

Porn From the Past

And when I'm done with you, young man, I want you to write 'I will not jerk off in class' 100 times." Discipline was stiff in the old days, but so were the students. Obviously, this fellow did more than shoot off his mouth. A

serious case of black-and-blue balls made him think twice before doing it again.

Send those old filthy photos to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.



Dis-Organized Crime

Notoriously ignorant gangsters Bonnie and Clyde were a couple of geniuses by comparison to the modern criminal. Nowadays, reasonably bright young people, who might once have made a splash in the underworld, are turning to politics or the record and motion-picture industries to earn big bucks. As a result, today's holdups are becoming increasingly laughable.

The gang of crooks pictured here is actually executing an unusually skillful robbery by today's low standards. They might even have gotten away with it had they not wasted time posing before the bank's hidden camera until the police arrived.

CITY MORGUE



Bitsy Walker, homecoming queen of Merkin Memorial Junior High, was coming in for her first gynecological checkup. She wondered if an ice-cold speculum was the only thing that was going to be inserted up her vagina.

Bart Black never minded bending over to have his temperature taken... or for any other reason for that matter. But he did have this terrible phobia about mercury poisoning. Rectum? It could have killed him.

Nurse "Hotsheets" Houlihan wasn't afraid of anything or anyone. Why should she be? After all, she was the only person at the Mother of Terminal Mercy Hospital who knew exactly what the future held for her patients.



FEAR & LOATHING in the Waiting Room

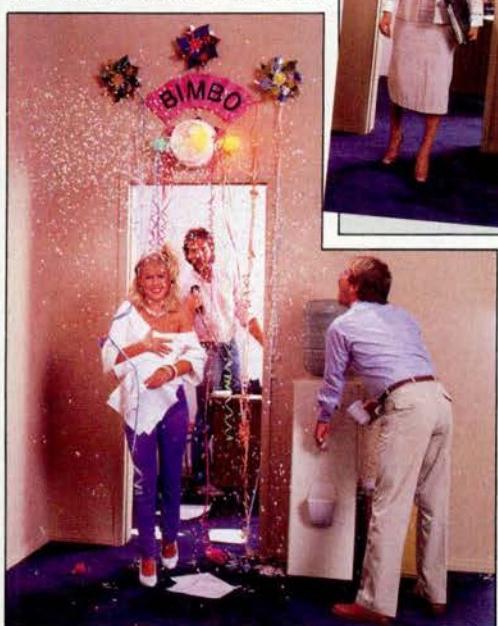
When Walter Reed decided to have a vasectomy, his friends assured him that it would be quick and painless. Nervous Walter wasn't so sure. One slip and he knew he'd be singing soprano.

Little Bobby Bigum broke his arm one day while playing a heavy game of Trivial Pursuit. He couldn't wait to get his cast taken off, but the poor kid was afraid that the plaster might not be the only thing to go.

Bobby's mom wasn't worried about her son's arm at all. She knew Dr. Sledge was one of the best orthopedic surgeons in Beverly Hills, although she wasn't so certain about the *rest* of the hospital staff.

Wench Warning

A must for the busy executive who can't check out every pair of legs that walks by, this clever device is programmed to spot excess makeup, tight Spandex pants, humongous bazoos and any clothing inspired by the movie *Flashdance*. The Bimbo Alert's sensitive



alarm system automatically sorts out loose women, saving you valuable decision-making time. For an additional fee, an Early Detection System is available, allowing you to plan those strategic trips to the water cooler in advance.

Nine Years Ago In HUSTLER



When these toys were introduced in Canada back in 1976, the idea of anatomically correct children's dolls was still considered shocking in the United States. At the time, *HUSTLER* expressed the hope that American bluenoses would eventually wise up to the fact that you can't fool kids into

thinking their crotches are made of smooth plastic. Sure enough, dolls with genitalia are now fairly common in this country—and not just the inflatable kind. After all, there's no reason that Johnny should have to wait until he's old enough to buy *HUSTLER* to find out that girls are a little bit different.

MANUFACTURER'S COUPON

BUY ONE CAN— GET ONE FREE

When you bring in 3 easy-pour
spouts or 4 used rubbers

Lubejob

Everyone knows that there's almost nothing worse than digging for oil in a dry hole; so why not bring your own lubrication along? This scientifically developed product—which includes such ingredients as butter, polyunsaturated corn oil and Liquid Plumber—guarantees that you'll never again be caught in a tight spot. Don't get sore...get Vulvaline—the fast, efficient muff-moistener guaranteed to keep your piston pumping.



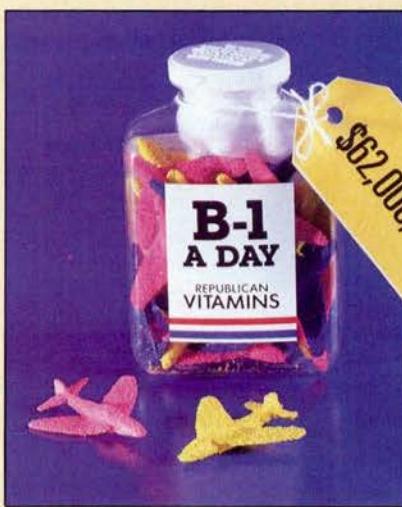
OFFER EXPIRES DECEMBER 31, 1985

MANUFACTURER'S COUPON

SAVE 10¢ WHEN YOU BUY TWO

Vitamin GOP

Are you worried about your kids rushing off to Young Republican rallies without eating? Now there's a chewable tablet that tastes so good, they'll say a school prayer every morning to get one. B-1 A Day vitamins provide all the daily requirements for a strong bodily defense. Sure, they're expensive, but isn't keeping your budding right-wingers healthy worth it?



OFFER EXPIRES DECEMBER 31, 1985

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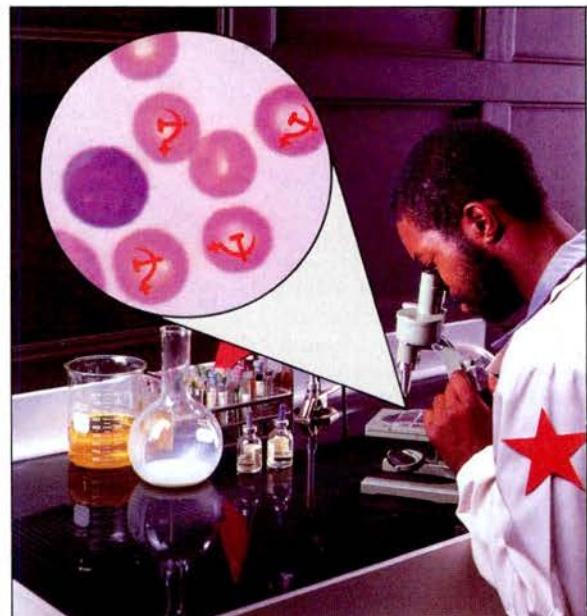
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Wild Pink Yonder

We aren't sure what the 323rd Maintenance Squadron's official function is, but it's obvious from their mascot that they've been fucking around. Everyone knows HUSTLER has long been

identified with the beaver; we had no idea it was shared by our boys in the wild blue yonder. It's comforting to know that America's planes and America's men are both kept up by the same furry thing. . . .



Hammer-and-Sickle Cells

From behind the Iron Curtain comes an astonishing revelation—Russia's few remaining Negroes are rapidly being wiped out by a deadly disease known as "Hammer and Sickle Cell Anemia." Symptoms of this highly contagious illness include a loss of interest in vodka, James Brown records and

watermelon, a lack of Marxist devotion and natural rhythm, and an insatiable desire to fuck hairy-legged women in the backseat of a '62 Cadillac. Soviet scientists at an experimental laboratory in Minsk are conducting extensive research on the malady, in the hope that a strain can be developed to wipe out Jews as well.

BITS AND PIECES

A S S H O L E O F T H E M O N T H

For anyone who hasn't been lobotomized into thinking that the worst thing about nuclear war would be a possible day or two's interruption of normal phone service, a recent report commissioned by the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) will come as quite a shock. FEMA is a government organization that deals with disasters—both natural (like earthquakes and floods) and man-caused (like war). In typical bureaucratic fashion one of the ways that FEMA handles such emergencies is by spending large sums on studies that give advice about coping with them if they should happen.

Last summer FEMA shelled out \$174,000 of the taxpayers' money to California's Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory for an examination of how factory workers might survive an atomic blast. The gist of the 35-page document, authored by our February Asshole of the Month, Dr. David Gregg, is that we can survive a *Ground Zero* nuclear explosion by *diving into a body of water with our clothes on!* (*Ground Zero*, by the way, is anywhere within a mile of the detonated device.)

"A body of water could provide a unique protective option for some individuals,"

Dr. David Gregg



says Gregg's mind-boggling report. "However," he cautions, "workers taking advantage of large bodies of water should not only be good swimmers, they should also tether themselves to a flotation device by a ten-foot line."

What body of water is he talking about—the Olympic-size swimming pools that all factories so thoughtfully provide for their employees? Or does he think that people will actually manage to get to a beach or lake before they

are transformed into nuclear knockwurst?

And that's only one of the ridiculous survival tips this ivory-tower dreamer has to offer. Another equally absurd suggestion is to wrap yourself in a wet blanket or carpet and jump in a ditch.

We paid \$174,000 for this?

These may be swell ideas for the climax of a television adventure series, but anyone who spends even part-time in reality knows that the chance of *not* being instantly vaporized at *Ground Zero* is about

FARTS IN THE WIND

While Dr. David Gregg took "top" honors this month, other individuals and groups deserve mention on this page. They are February's Farts in the Wind.

Mormon Church leader DAVID B. HAIGHT claims an "awful tide" of pornography is sweeping the land. "So-called adult-book stores . . . are now open in nearly every city," he said. "One

source reports that there are three times as many of these outlets for obscene materials as McDonald's restaurants." We don't agree with this do-gooder's feelings on porn, but Big Macs definitely have no erotic appeal.

While the Bible-thumpers are lining up to remove men's magazines from stores, GALLERY is trying to pass itself off as milder than the competition.

"We've never been anything like HUSTLER," said its editor-in-chief, John Bensink, in *Adweek*. "We are to HUSTLER what Bambi is to Godzilla." After we perused his second-rate rag, it seems Bensink unwittingly paid us a hefty compliment. Thanks, John.

The ALBERTA ATTORNEY GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT recently ordered the seizure of 50,000 copies of men's magazines, including HUSTLER, from an Edmonton distributor. "I'm not a

the same as that of Larry Flynt's having a sex-change operation.

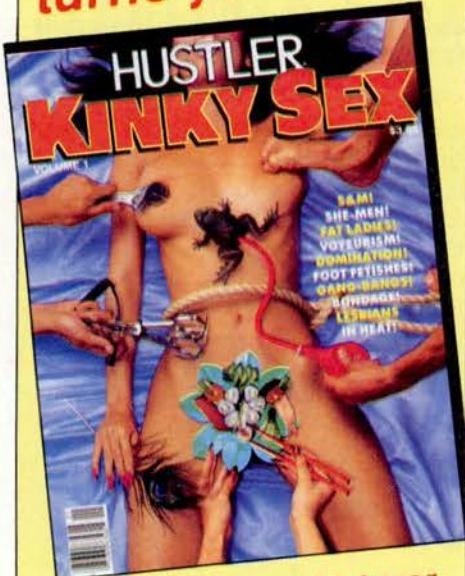
Gregg imagines that his ideas are a breakthrough. We consider them to be maggot-infested garbage—worse than that, irresponsible fantasies that treat atomic holocaust as little more than a heavy-duty fireworks display. The danger of Gregg's idiotic opinions is that they help feed the popularity of a belief held and promoted by too many of our airhead leaders: that nuclear war is safe, sane and winnable.

It was a tough choice deciding whether FEMA—for its stupid waste of money—or David Gregg should be Asshole of the Month. But then Gregg clinched the honor when he told HUSTLER's sources that his ideas were under fire because the American press is being manipulated by operatives of the KGB—the Soviet Union's spy-and-security network.

FEMA's money would have been better spent on retraining this hopelessly muddled chemical engineer as a life-guard or a swimming instructor—jobs that would better enable him to go jump in a lake. The human race will all be the beneficiaries when Assholes like Gregg realize that *no* nuclear conflict is survivable.

criminal," said owner Stephen Senuk, who was charged with circulating obscene materials. "These magazines were all cleared first with Customs." A government spokesman said that "all potentially controversial publications imported into Canada are regularly reviewed by Customs inspectors." If you've ever seen a copy of HUSTLER in Canada, you'd know that *censored—not reviewed—is a more accurate description.* We wish Senuk well in his ordeal.

Whatever turns you on . . .



And we mean Whatever

- lesbian lust • group gropes
- peeping Toms • teddy bears
- fat ladies • fingernails
- whips and chains

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wonder whether we really could be all that we can be in today's military. In the 1981 World Helicopter Championships in Poland the commander of the U.S. team, Major Roy E. Mann, told his crew how to cheat because "this is war" and the good guys were trailing.

The *Army Times* obtained a copy of the Army inspector general's report of the incident. The team members rejected Mann's suggestion and went on to win without cheating. According to one member of the helicopter team interviewed by the inspector general, Mann reflected on his team's dismissal of his idea this way: "I just don't understand people who would put morals and ethics ahead of winning an international competition."

* * *

Also from the Defense Department comes a plea from its present inspector general, Joseph H. Sherick. "I need more people to blow the whistle," he says. Sherick has had his hands full with revelations that began last summer about outrageous prices private contractors charged the government for routine items such as hammers and coffee makers.

He claims that department auditors have saved \$2.8 billion over the past three years by suggesting 123,000 corrective actions. That doesn't include a whopping \$24 billion that he says defense-contract auditors have

saved. But Sherick insists he needs more insiders to tell of secret scandals. It was one such whistleblower, for example, who alerted the Air Force to a Seattle contractor who sold defective wing bolts for B-52 bombers.

The problem with blowing the whistle on higher-ups in Washington is that sometimes the blower gets the whistle shoved down his throat. Just ask Ernest Fitzgerald, a civilian employee of the Air Force who has spent more than a decade trying to regain the position he had before he revealed problems with the C-5A aircraft. After lengthy court battles he won back pay and a Pentagon job, but the brass is still trying to push him out of sight. When he testified on Capitol



Inspector General Joseph H. Sherick: He's trying to curb the Defense Department's shocking excesses.

Hill last fall about a current military project, the Air Force tried to muzzle Fitzgerald by warning him not to reveal sensitive information.

whispers

Walter and Joan Mondale live in the same affluent Washington neighborhood, Cleveland Park, as the political writer for *New Yorker* magazine, **Elizabeth Drew**. Some say they have been "More Than Just Neighbors" through the years. . . . *Conservative Digest* founder and right-wing mass-mail wizard **Richard Vigurie** is stridently pro-family. So, many Moral Majority-types were delighted that, even though the Vigurie's feud reached the talking-to-lawyers stage, they decided not to separate after all. . . . Want to make Washington Redskins quarterback **Joe Theismann** really mad? Just offer him some orange juice. His sweetheart, TV personality **Cathy Lee Crosby**, has a fond spot in her heart for former footballer **O.J. Simpson**, and Joe's teammates tease him by filling his locker with oranges and chanting "O.J.! O.J.!" instead of "1, 2! 1, 2!" during calisthenics. . . . The man who got rich off the Colonel's cooking, Kentucky's southern-fried former Governor **John Y. Brown Jr.**, wants desperately to be the Democratic nominee for President someday. Not even the hot looks of his ex-Miss America wife, CBS-TV's **Phyllis George**, will be able to help him in that department, however. It seems that his past visits to the gaming tables in Las Vegas—publicized during his bid for the Kentucky governorship several years ago—rule Brown out of White House contention, according to Democratic insiders.



Mondales



Simpson



Crosby



Brown

(For future *Washington Daisy Chain* columns, **HUSTLER** will pay \$1,000 for every anonymous tip that appears in print. The confidentiality of tip sources will be stringently protected by **HUSTLER**.)

WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN

Capital Capers

Doctors Don't and Mechanics Won't, but Party Girls Still Make Housecalls

by Larry Flynt

In the grand tradition of face-saving cleanups that periodically take place in Washington and its suburbs, prosecutors have recently cracked down on



Washington callgirls sometimes entertain at discreet "private parties" for well-heeled political big shots.

dozens of thinly disguised fronts for prostitution. Massage parlors were boarded up, and escort services were put out of business. But where there's a demand, there's usually a supply, and the city's bars that offer dancing girls are filling the void.

When friends tossed a wild bachelor party for a State Department official recently, the ladies came from a downtown Washington topless/bottomless club. They earned \$200 each for dancing nude on tabletops at a private home in nearby suburban Maryland, then made about \$50 for every man they entertained privately in upstairs bedrooms. One leggy blonde whose garter is usually stuffed with dollar bills by bar patrons earns \$100 for each hour she spends in bed with a client.

"I won't go out with a man who propositions me while I'm dancing," says 25-year-old Tiffany, who worked in a massage parlor until it was raided by authorities. "If somebody professional-looking—you know, quiet tie,

dark suit—is a regular, I might eventually have a drink and find out his business. I might agree to meet him somewhere else for a date. A paid date, I mean."

But most of Tiffany's contacts come through the manager of her club, who assigns women to dance at private parties only if he knows the host. For the record, barowners say their women will only dance at public locations, such as rented hotel suites or banquet rooms at District of Columbia restaurants. But if you establish a personal connection and remember to tip the owner \$50, the eager women will make housecalls.

"We actually prefer doing private homes," says Tiffany, "because then we can do business on the side—and that's clear profit. Plus, the guys are usually so bombed, they just want a fast blowjob. Politicians are great—you don't have to worry about them running around town giving your name and number to just anybody. It's sort of like mutual blackmail. I want to stay low-profile, and so do congressmen and senators."

* * *

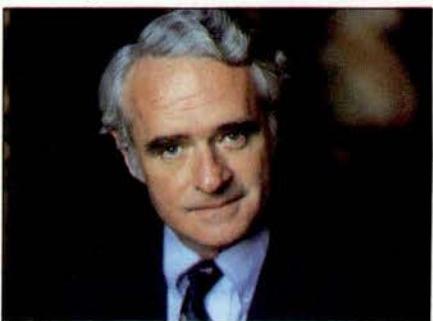
Once upon a time, Uncle Sam held public auctions to sell property seized from citizens who—in most cases—had not paid their taxes. Boring items like a parcel of land in Nowheresville or a used tractor routinely went under the gavel. But since big-time drug smugglers began dueling with the govern-

ment, merchandise for sale has become much more exotic. Yachts and private aircraft that are seized in arrests are taken over by the Feds if it is proven they were used in the shipment of contraband. And some-

times the luxurious personal possessions of drug runners are confiscated too. The most recent example: a 1939 Rolls-Royce Wraith taken by the Drug Enforcement Administration. One of only 491 Wraiths built before the Rolls plant switched to military production in World War II, the classic car was offered for sale last fall at a minimum bid of \$30,000. But apparently you have to be a drug dealer to afford a Rolls; no one bid the minimum, and the General Services Administration—which handles such sales—tells HUSTLER it'll try again.

* * *

Remember what a mess Congress was in its final hours before adjourning for the elections? Part of government was paralyzed because our representatives couldn't legislate necessary operating funds, and special-interest groups fell all over themselves trying to tack their pet projects onto a bloated budget.

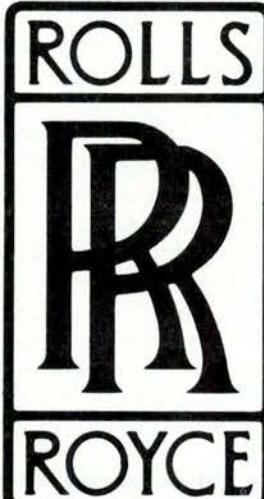


Missouri's Thomas Eagleton: One of his staffers calls camera-shy Senate colleagues to task.

Would the senators have acted as badly if they knew the whole world was watching? According to a staffer for Senator Thomas Eagleton (D-Missouri), "The Senate would be the laughingstock of America" if the last two weeks of that session had been televised. But the Senate refuses to join the House in inviting TV cameras inside. From what we read in the papers, they have good reason to want to conduct their business away from the public eye.

* * *

The weekly service-oriented newspaper the *Army Times* came up with a scoop not long ago that makes us



DEAR GRANNY

Got a problem? You need some advice but don't know where to turn? No matter what the hassle—your girl and your best friend or your girlfriend and man's best friend—no problem! *Dear Granny* has an answer. It may not be the answer, but it will sure as hell be the kind of advice your mother never gave you—and probably should have! Send your questions, problems and tales of woe to: *Dear Granny*, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

DEAR GRANNY: The other night my girlfriend and I were out partying quite late. When we got back to my place, we were both pretty drunk and started right into some nice, sloppy sex. After I'd fucked her once, she rolled over on her stomach, and I suddenly got the idea to tongue her asshole, something I'd never done before. Well, I put my face down there and, Granny, it smelled like shit! Honestly, it was such a turn-off, I couldn't get it up for the rest of the night. Does giving rimjobs really turn people on? —Brown Nose

Jonesville, Michigan

Dear Brown Nose: Now you know what it's like to be really shit-faced. Seriously, honey, I never go rimming unless I know my partner is clean. Next time, before you hop in the sack, take a bath or shower—together or separately. Or if that's too much trouble, a warm, moist washcloth will do the trick and will probably get your girlfriend warmed up as well. Don't give up on the pleasures of analingus just because of one bad experience. Only an asshole would do that.

DEAR GRANNY: Can you explain a rather strange experience I had the other night? I was parked with my girlfriend on a deserted hillside near my home—a place where kids go to make out. We were in the backseat, just fooling around a little, when I suddenly realized I'd left the car in gear and we were rolling downhill toward a 500-foot drop!

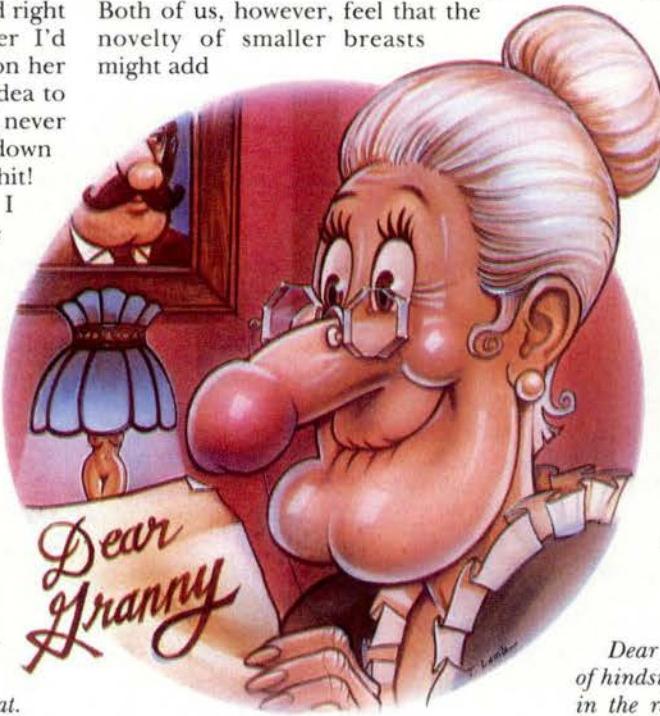
I jumped into the front seat and managed to pull the emergency brake just in time but, I swear, the front tires were practically touching the edge of the cliff. The weird part is that my companion and I were so incredibly turned on by the whole thing, we wound up fucking half the night. I can't figure out just what happened to us, but I sure wish I could recapture that feeling. Maybe you can help.

—Scared Stiff
Carmel, California

Dear Scared: I felt the same way myself the time I got laid during the big San Francisco earthquake of 1906. It's a proven fact that the

element of danger adds a certain spice to sex. You see, fear gets the old adrenaline going, and the physical excitement can quickly change to sexual excitement if your partner's into it. As for recreating that feeling, you might try making love while a neighbor points a gun at you, but I doubt if it would be the same.

DEAR GRANNY: My wife is complaining about her boobs sagging. She would like to have her tits shrunk down from a 40D to a 36C, but she's afraid to undergo surgery. She wants to be able to nurse her babies and is also worried about scars. Both of us, however, feel that the novelty of smaller breasts might add



new energy to our sex life. Do you think it's a good idea?

—Too Much of a Good Thing
El Centro, California

Dear Too Much: Frankly, I think men and women put much too much stock in knockers—after all, it's not the tits, it's the titillation that really counts in bed. You just can't have your boobs "shrunk down" like a cotton shirt. Breast reduction is a serious (and costly) operation that involves heavy anesthesia and several days in the hospital. Moreover, it can affect milk production, and scars may result. Generally, the procedure is not recommended unless the breasts are causing serious problems, such as chronic backaches. Believe me, I know how your wife must be feeling—I've carried a hefty pair around all my life. But I've always been happy to work with what Mother Nature gave me.

DEAR GRANNY: I have this thing about pantyhose. The sensation of feeling nylon stockings against my cock turns

me on more than anything. I love to jerk off into them so much that I want to cut a hole in the crotch of my wife's best pair and fuck her while she's wearing them. She says I've lost control. Granny, what can I do?

—Hose Monster

Aberdeen, South Dakota

Dear Hose Monster: Your fetish is not terribly strange compared to some I've come across. I knew one fellow who had a real passion for leather. Unfortunately, he liked it while it was still on the cow . . . but that's beside the point. Make your wife a present of several pairs of pantyhose, and I'll bet she'll be willing to cut them up herself and wear them to bed. Better yet, buy her a new Trans Am, and she might even wear the pantyhose over her head while you fuck her in the ass. With the proper incentive, women can be surprisingly cooperative.

DEAR GRANNY: I'm a 24-year-old male about to get out of prison after doing a four-year stretch. I heard that a person who doesn't have sex for three years becomes a virgin again. Is that true? And if so, would it be best for me to get an older lady for my first affair so that she'll take it easy on me? Or doesn't it matter?

—Starting Over
Terre Haute, Indiana

Dear Starting Over: You must have a lot of hindsight to have avoided getting rammed in the rear while you were locked up. I'm afraid you can't be a virgin twice, any more than I could be a Mother Superior. So don't worry about finding an experienced lady. If I were you, I'd jump on the first willing partner who crossed my path . . . young or old.

DEAR GRANNY: I'm a freshman in college who about a month ago started going out with a girl in my math class. Recently she requested that I shave off my pubic hair. When I asked her why, she said she just wanted to see what it would be like to suck and fuck a guy who didn't have cock hair. The problem is that I'm on the college football team, and I can imagine the kind of shit I'd have to take if my teammates saw me naked in the shower with bald balls. Granny, do you think I should take crap from them or just tell the girl no?

—Hairy Harry
Austin, Texas

Dear Hairy: If you've really got balls, you shouldn't be afraid to show them. You can always tell the guys that the sheer friction of sex with your girlfriend burned the hairs off-

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that'll shut them up. One word of caution: If you decide to go through with it, be mighty careful. It would be tough explaining to people that you're singing soprano because you cut yourself shaving.

DEAR GRANNY: I'm a 20-year-old life-guard and have been dating a girl I met this past summer who's obsessed with fucking in the shower. I enjoy getting it on underwater as much as anyone—but not all the time. Although I've tried having sex with her in the bedroom, it doesn't seem to turn her on as much. I really like this girl, but I don't understand her hang-up. What gives? —Waterlogged
Santa Monica, California

Dear Waterlogged: Maybe you should take your girlfriend to see Psycho, then start wearing a dress and carry a butcher's knife. If she doesn't take the hint, she's got water on the brain. After all, you're entitled to do your plumbing in other places besides the bathroom. Explain that you're happy to shower with her, as long as she'll give you equal time between the sheets. She's bound to agree—if you promise to always let her pick up the soap.

DEAR GRANNY: Is it possible to run out of sperm? I'm a pretty horny guy; so I jerk off about three times a day. But I'm starting to worry that it will affect my ability to father a child. —Meat Beater

Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Meat: You've obviously read the National Enquirer once too often. Your question is simply another popular misconception (no pun intended) about jacking off. You can't run out of sperm, only energy. And anyone who tells you otherwise needs a German shepherd and a white cane.

DEAR GRANNY: I love to fuck, but recently the only way I seem to get off is when I'm on top. My boyfriend, however, doesn't enjoy it that way. I could understand if I had a gross body, but I don't. My measurements are 36-24-36, I'm 5-5, and I weigh 121 pounds. Should I stay on top or give in? —Riding High

Daytona Beach, Florida

Dear Riding High: On top, underneath, swinging from the rafters . . . Honey, I come any way I can. Sometimes a man's cock is particularly sensitive, though, to stimulation at a certain angle. Obviously, the same thing goes for your pussy. If your boyfriend is simply the type who doesn't like a woman to be on top, perhaps a little creative bondage is in order. Tie his arms and legs to the bedposts and ride him in style. If that doesn't get him off, he's really got problems. While you're at it, try some new positions—The Joy of Sex and other such love guides list plenty—until you find those that work for both of you. Be creative.

My motto is, "If it feels good, do it. If you don't get hurt, do it again."

DEAR GRANNY: I'm a 42-year-old married man. About a year ago I bought a hot tub as a therapeutic device for severe back problems. Lately I've been jerking off in the tub. The sensation of the warm jets on my rigid shaft really gets me off. Is this safe? —Jet-Setter
Hayward, California

Dear Jet-Setter: No sweat. You aren't in any danger as long as you don't get your cock permanently stuck in a jet hole. That happened to a friend of mine once, and it took days to get the smile off the coroner's face. But keep that hot tub clean. A filthy pool breeds loads of nasty diseases and bacteria. And if your wife finds all that jism floating around, you're liable to be in some real hot water.

DEAR GRANNY: The other night my girlfriend was giving me head and, just as I was about to come, she plugged up the top of my dick with her finger. Let me tell you, I felt like a rumbling volcano. I thought my balls were going to explode. Finally, the jizz erupted all over her hand. My girl found it very exciting, but I want to know if this sort of thing is dangerous.

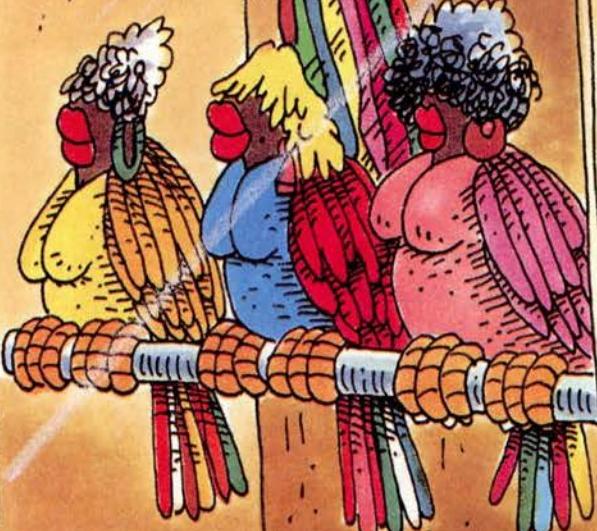
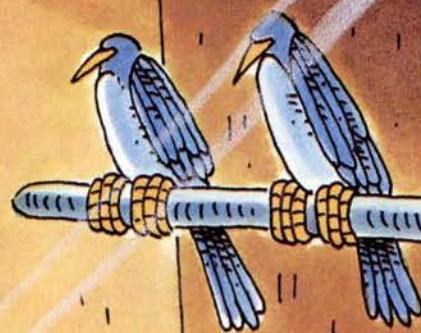
—Mark St. Helens
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Dear St. Helens: Your girl's not thinking of doing it again, is she? Although the procedure you describe would not usually be unsafe, there's a slight chance of what doctors call "retrograde ejaculation," whereby semen about to be ejaculated goes back down the cock shaft. It's very painful and can be dangerous. If you're trying to delay orgasm, the squeeze technique is better—it involves having your girlfriend apply pressure with her thumb, index finger and middle finger just underneath the head of your cock for several seconds. Otherwise, simply let nature take its course, and let the spurts fly where they may.

DEAR GRANNY: My husband and I have been happily married for six years. We were high-school sweethearts and both virgins on our wedding night. Since then neither of us has ever been with anybody else. Recently we decided that it wouldn't hurt to put a little variety into our sex life. One thing that came to mind was having a threesome with another woman. How do we go about picking someone up? —Eager for More
Lucas, Ohio

Dear Eager: Picking up a third party for a ménage à trois is almost as easy as picking up a case of the clap. Discos and singles bars are so loaded with thrillseekers, your chance of stumbling into a threesome is excellent. And if you strike out, I make housecalls.

AVIARY



IS

BLUE

BLACKBIRDS

CC

W. Scott

JACKIE PRESSER: (continued from page 56)

He has formed business partnerships with people who should be his adversaries at the negotiating table.

She later pleaded no contest.

Sidekick and "co-owner" Harold Friedman was considered the highest-paid union official in the world in 1981, when his salary was \$426,000. Presser now claims that honor for himself. His Teamsters' earnings topped \$394,000 in 1982 and soared to \$560,000 last year, with Presser collecting money from several union posts. And the big bucks won't stop flowing when he retires. He could collect pension funds and severance dues from as many as seven union accounts.

Joint Council 41 also has a unique provision for "travel and maintenance," paying all expenses for Presser while on business trips or "for the purpose of preserving and refreshing his health and general well-being"—wherever he chooses.

But Presser doesn't have to get by on the measly million bucks a year he gets in union salaries, benefits and expenses. He also profits from personal business interests. "You're getting a different kind of labor leader," Presser has said. "I'm a statesman in the business community. I know every banker in this city [Cleveland] by his first name."

Under normal circumstances that would be fine, but he also has a habit of getting into bed with a lot of them. The notion of a conflict of interest is apparently unknown to Presser. He has repeatedly formed business partnerships with people who should be his adversaries at the negotiating table.

In 1975 he saw no problem in becoming a partner with Robert Moss—at the time a corporate vice-president of Leaseway Transportation, the largest employer of Teamsters in Ohio. The partnership spawned a company called Pavilion Liquors. When asked about joining Moss in the venture, Presser retorted, "I've known Mr. Moss for probably 30 years of my life. I know his family." Perhaps Presser knows the man too well—well enough to give him anything he wants when it's time to negotiate a new union contract with Leaseway Transportation.

Presser also owned more than 200 shares of Cleveland Commercial Truck Repair, which in a five-year period did more than \$758,000 worth of business with Teamster employees. At the head of the list were Leaseway subsidiaries.

Until 1980 Presser's wife, Carmen, owned Dining Towers, a plush restaurant in downtown Cleveland. He was then president of the local Hotel and Restaurant Workers Union, which signed a contract with Carmen's establishment.

A co-owner with her was Tony Hughes, the recording secretary for Presser's Local 507. Hughes later came under investigation as a "ghost employee"—earning \$79,000 from the union without doing any work. Hughes is also Presser's traveling companion and is suspected by the FBI of being his communications link to the Mafia. The FBI says that Presser visits regularly with Cleveland Mob figure Maishe Rockman.

Presser's other consuming business interest is the Central States Pension Fund, the notorious Teamsters account designed to provide health and other benefits to union workers from members' dues. What it really does, however, is take care of organized crime. Known as the "Mafia's bank," it is under intense scrutiny by the Labor Department.

Presser joined the board of the Pension Fund in 1975, taking over for his father, who had been forced to resign under a newly enacted law forbidding convicted felons from holding such positions. Jackie lasted only two years. The Labor Department forced the fund's trustees, including him, to resign in an effort to clean up its history of "questionable loan transactions."

He was a beneficiary of the "Mafia's bank" very early in his career. Between 1960 and 1962 Presser received more than \$1.4 million in loans from the Pension Fund to build the Eastgate Coliseum near Cleveland. The project was a flop, and Teamster retirees were forced to swallow \$400,000 in bad loans.

The Pension Fund foreclosed on the loans and sold the property in an effort to recoup some of the lost money. Sam Klein, who bought the land at an incredibly low price, just happened to be a friend of Presser. At the time, Klein was treasurer of Bally Manufacturing Company, a maker of pinball and slot machines. Bally later gave Jackie's father a little "gift" of 3,750 shares of the company's stock—worth \$100,000.

Eighteen months after that deal, in 1974, the Pension Fund gave Bally an unsecured loan for \$12 million at the bargain-basement rate of 6.5%—extremely low even in the mid-'70s. Needless to say, Presser and his clan are firm believers in the philosophy "I'll scratch your back if you scratch mine."

* * *

"Judge me accordingly by my performance and my actions," Presser said when he took over as Teamsters president in

(continued on page 68)



"Hey, lady, how'd you like to get porked by six inches of solid oak?!"

HMM...
WHY IN HELL WOULD
SOMEONE THROW AWAY
A PERFECTLY GOOD HEAD?

DWAIN TINKER







THE FIFTH SEASON

Best Little Whorehouse in New York City

Article by Rudy Maxa

The wealthy restaurant owner was having the time of his life. Outside, the afternoon rush-hour traffic was snarled, and tempers flared in the Indian-summer heat. But with a svelte blonde entertaining him in a private suite featuring a Jacuzzi, lots of mirrors and

provocative photos of Marilyn Monroe, the guy couldn't have cared less. Barbra Streisand sang coolly from the stereo tape deck as the beautiful young lady slowly removed her bikini, eased her body on top of his and began kissing her way down his chest....

THE FIFTH SEASON

(continued from page 61)

A clean, quiet, well-run house of ill repute hardly tips the Richter scale of outrage in New York City.

The best little whorehouse in New York City—and just possibly the whole United States—is in the basement of an expensive West Side Manhattan apartment building, its unmarked entrance squeezed between a stationery shop and a dry cleaner. There's no name on the plain metal door. Only prescreened members are allowed inside; so there's no need for a fancy brass plaque or flashy awning. Pass through the door, and you enter one of the city's best-kept secrets, The Fifth Season—a health club turned into a luxurious bordello that is decorated to resemble a discotheque.

It's a friendly place filled with mirrors, discreetly illuminated with indirect lighting and drenched with the sounds of rock music. There's a sauna, steam room, locker room, showers and a smallish swimming pool where some 100 balloons are left to float—giving the look of a setting where a party is about to begin.

Lounging around the pool are about 20 young women, mostly clad in matching bikinis that change in color and design every couple of months. Choose one of these girls, and you'll be escorted to a

private room for a half-hour of sex. They work in shifts between noon and about three in the morning, Monday through Friday. In a nation that persists in pretending prostitution is a social aberration or unnatural act that requires stamping out, The Fifth Season is a monument to sane sex-for-hire.

You can buy anything on the streets of New York. The dens of Tangiers, the back alleys of Cairo and the dark bars of Bangkok have nothing on Manhattan. Little girls and boys prowl the avenues, desperate to exchange sex for money. You can visit certain clubs and beat strangers with cat-o'-nine-tails while watching amputees engage in sex on a spotlighted stage. Drugs, counterfeit watches and luxury cars are yours for the right price in the Big Apple.

All of which probably explains why The Fifth Season has operated for so long—about 15 years—without raising an eyebrow. Perhaps in no other American city could such an establishment exist without the police, the press or at least neighboring tenants raising hell. A clean, quiet, well-run house of ill repute hardly

tips the Richter scale of outrage in New York City.

"The authorities have too many other serious problems," notes one employee.

The Fifth Season is unique because it is not a swingers club, massage parlor or walk-in sex club, all of which abound in New York. Only members are allowed, and you may join only if another member brings you in for a visit. The membership fee: \$100 for the first year, \$65 for each succeeding year. Each visit to the club costs a man \$20, plus \$45 for a half-hour rental of a private room. Sex for money is never mentioned—before he leaves, a gentleman is expected to tip the woman he's been with, and \$100 for a routine session is an acceptable amount. If you require more than one woman—a request that is happily accommodated—the price goes up.

The \$65 entry fee is paid at a desk after a prospective member passes through three electronically controlled doors. The passageway between the doors is bathed in purple light, the foyer boasts fresh flowers and modern prints, and from downstairs rock music can be heard. The lighting, decor and music may give The Fifth Season the atmosphere of a disco, but the similarity ends there.

Walk down a short flight of stairs, pass through another door, and a hostess in a bikini will greet you and steer you to an open locker room, where a male attendant provides a snap-on white towel and a locker for your belongings. Arrayed on shelves near sinks are bottles of after-shave, deodorant and a barber's container of combs. A first-time visitor might think he stumbled into the locker room of a private tennis club. But not for long.

* * *

With a small smile, the blonde took the restaurant owner into her mouth. Watching in the mirrored wall, he was amazed at the girl's enthusiasm. As he eased his head back onto a pillow, the man wondered why he had never visited The Fifth Season before.

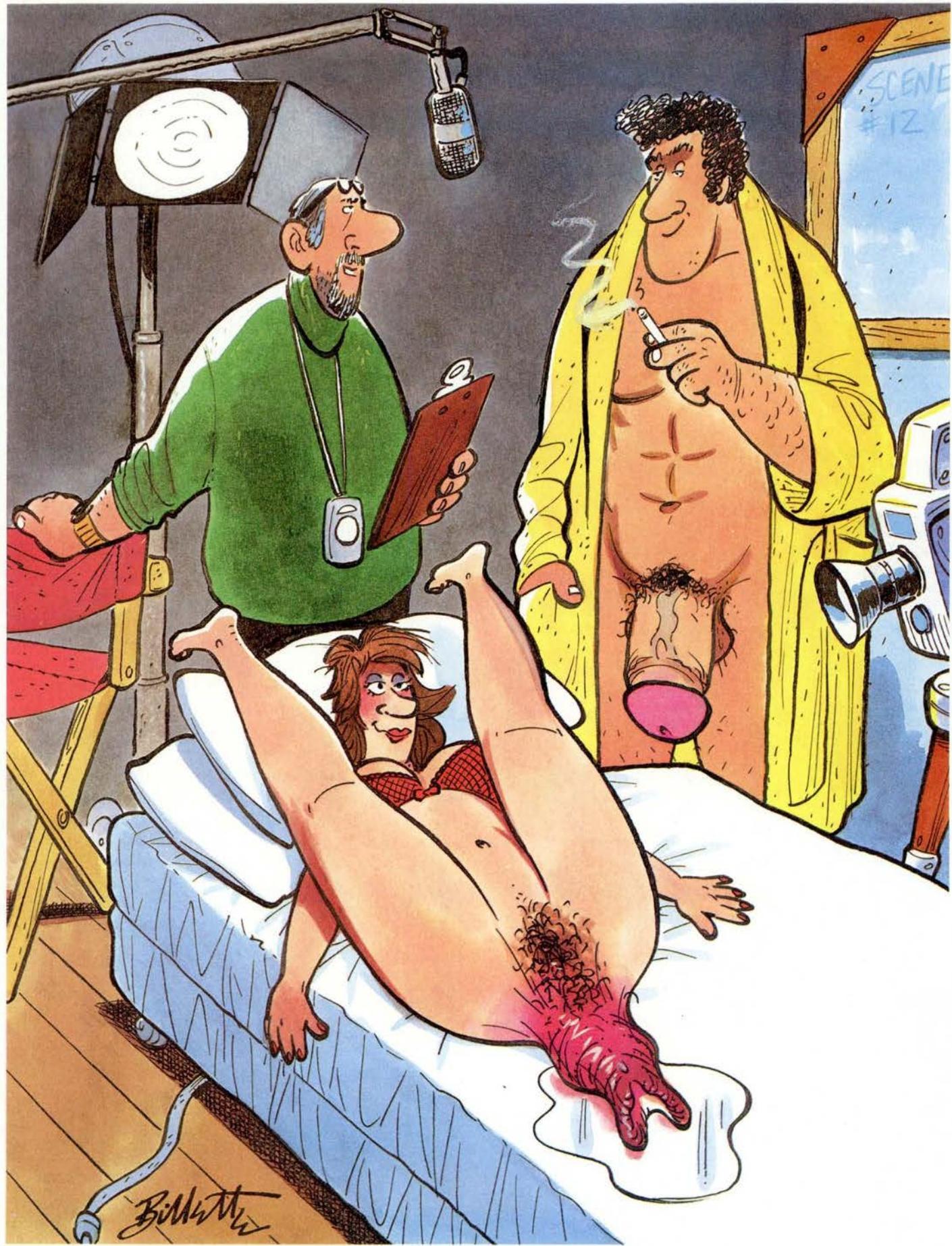
* * *

There's a sitting room near the locker room, and next to a coffee machine is a large jar of... chocolate-chip cookies. Follow the hostess through another door and along a dimly lit, red-tiled hallway. To one side are showers, to the other a sauna and steam room. The bathrooms could use a little tile work and fresh paint, but who can quibble about such details in a place that offers its clients cookies?

The sauna and steam are kept at correct temperatures, and management says some members pay the \$20 entry fee simply to use the health-club facilities every once in a while. No hard feelings, says the receptionist, if you want to ignore the women and just lounge around, sweat in the sauna and jump into the pool after a



"My mom is so-o-o selfish! I wanted to borrow her Super Veiner 18-inch dildo, but no-o-o...."



"Great scene, Rod! Now stuff Rhonda's pussy back in for me, will ya?"

hard day at the office. In addition, a man will sometimes bring along a date to add a little spice to a night on the town.

The Fifth Season does not have a liquor license, but the hostess on duty will offer you complimentary soft drinks or wine. If you want harder stuff, you must send out for it from a package store. If

you are shy about introducing yourself to a woman sitting around the pool, the hostess will arrange an introduction. If you feel so inclined, she will also reserve a room for you and your new friend.

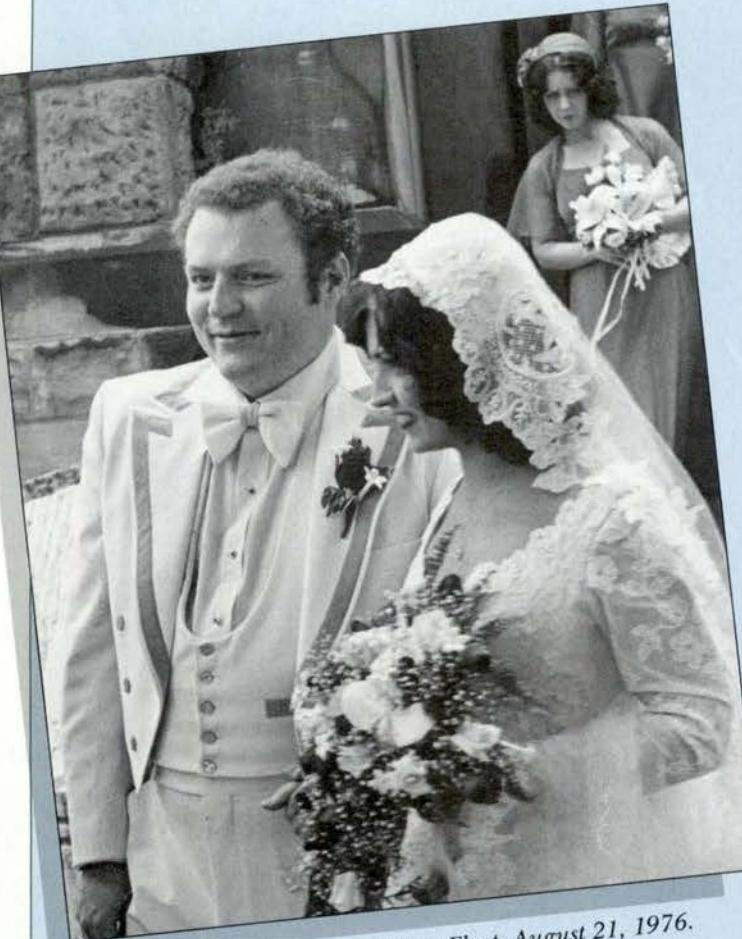
Located off various hallways are perhaps a half-dozen standard rooms with single beds. Big spenders can pay \$15 ad-

ditional and reserve the Hollywood Room with its Jacuzzi and stereo. The King's Room, which is said to have been the scene of many a grand bachelor party, features a double waterbed and whirlpool. It costs an extra \$35.

Your fellow customers are likely to be stockbrokers, advertising executives,

MY WILD NIGHT AT THE FIFTH SEASON

by Althea Flynt



Newlyweds Larry and Althea Flynt, August 21, 1976.

When I married Larry Flynt in 1976, he had a bachelor party in Columbus, Ohio. People came (literally) from all over the country—celebrities, old friends, business associates. It was a wild, *wild* orgy. I also had a bachelorette party, but it was a very staid and conservative affair. I got mad when I heard that Larry had all these women, and all I got was baked beans

and sandwiches. I wanted to come too. I wanted to come a *whole lot*, just like he did. So he said he'd make it up to me.

We got on a plane and flew to New York, and Larry took me to The Fifth Season. You should have seen the looks on people's faces when I got undressed in a locker room with the male patrons. I think I was the establishment's very first female customer, and they were really freaked out that HUSTLER's Larry Flynt would bring his *bride* to a whorehouse for a bachelorette party! We wrapped ourselves with towels and went through the steam bath, the sauna, took a shower and then walked out by the swimming pool. After we had a few drinks he announced, "This is Althea, and she can have *anybody she wants!*"

At first a lot of the men thought I was one of the hookers, but then word got around pretty quick that I was not a working girl. There were more beautiful women there than you could shake a stick at—or whatever you wanted to shake!

I looked at all of them, and I looked and I looked. Little did I know that Larry and this other gentleman, who will remain nameless, had made special arrangements for a certain young lady to be there, someone they knew I'd zero in on. When I glanced across the pool, out came this girl who looked just like a Vargas illustration come to life.

I think she was Puerto Rican. I really like dark, exotic girls. They talk dirty better. As a matter of fact, they're a little like me. I dig hot-blooded people because I'm part French and part American Indian, and I'm really hot-blooded. This gorgeous girl had long, shapely legs, a perfectly round ass, beautiful V-shaped pubic hair and perfect jutting tits that you would have thought were filled with silicone, but they weren't. She was absolutely breathtaking. She was *perfect*. She was about 19. I was all of 22 at the time, but even at that point I was very experienced and quite a connoisseur of attractive women. You see, I was a connoisseur of women at 17!

When she came sauntering out, I said, "Larry, Larry! I want her. I want her!"

My husband knew I had a thing for garter belts; so he'd arranged to have the lovely Latina wear a black garter belt, stockings, spiked heels and *nothing* else. He also knew that I like real luscious, juicy-looking lips. She had this beautiful thick black hair, and even from a distance her lips were shining. She looked at me, puckered her lips, sent me a kiss and winked.

journalists and music-industry big shots. Author Gay Talese, for example, spent some time at The Fifth Season during the years he was researching his thick book about sex in America, *Thy Neighbor's Wife*. The house caters mostly to married men who spend weekends with their families, which is why it's closed on Saturday

and Sunday. Businessmen bring clients and, for all the IRS knows, may put the tab on their entertainment-expense accounts. All transactions are cash—no credit cards are accepted.

* * *

As the blonde skillfully worked her way back up the restaurateur's body, he was surprised. She kissed him on his lips, a long, languorous lover's kiss.

Prostitution lore—conventional wisdom passed from man to man and chronicled in novels everywhere—holds that a whore does not kiss her customer on the mouth. That kiss, thought the man, was almost more arousing than the oral sex that had preceded it.

I mean, I was *pounding* on my man, "Larry, Larry, her, her! I've got to have her!" All the guys, the customers, were watching and laughing because she made quite a production of it when she came out. Later, of course, I found out that this had all been arranged for my benefit. I immediately said, "Let's get to partying."

We went into the party room, where a whole bunch of girls were taking a champagne bubble bath. So Larry, myself and *my* girl just piled in there with them. The women at The Fifth Season wait on you hand and foot. They were just pouring champagne on us.

This girl of mine and I had a very intense attraction for each other. It wasn't like being with a prostitute. I didn't feel like I was in a whorehouse. We started kissing and were so into each other's bodies that we just forgot about everybody else. We were lying on top of each other, and I had my leg between her crotch and her leg between my crotch. Our tits were touching, and our tongues were going in each other's mouths. I was feeling the firmness of her ass and pulling it toward me. It was so *hot*.

In the background I heard the sounds of all these girls and guys fucking. But with the two of us, it was like making *love*. It was the first time I really wished that I had a ten-inch dick to stick down her throat and up her ass and into her hot pussy, because I knew she was hot, and I could tell she was tight because I could feel it! So I pretended I did have a dick, and we ate each other and both kept having one orgasm after another. I was getting off making her come because she was so beautiful and she never had a woman fuck her before in her life!

The more I made her come by eating her, the more passionate and wilder she became. She became like a *tiger*. She was *insatiable*. At one point I had her wet pussy in my face, and she grabbed me by my hair and pulled my face up and started kissing me so that we were exchanging our pussy juices in our mouths! It was fantastic.

After that I got down again and just sat her right on my face. The next thing I knew another girl joined in, and she started going down on me. It was just an incredible time! I got my girl on her back, and I was going down on her pussy with my ass up in the air, when all of a sudden I felt someone trying to fuck me from behind. I said, "Wait a minute. Nobody fucks me. I'm *married*."

That got a big laugh from everybody because here I

was making it with this chick and going absolutely crazy. But then I realized it was Larry who was behind me, and that made it even more sensational. He was fucking me doggy-style while I was eating this girl's pussy.

One of the guys wanted to climb on my girl. But she said, "Uh-uh, I'm saving myself for *her*. I'm in *love*." She was coming just as much as I was, and I found myself getting a little possessive too. I didn't want anybody else to mess things up. She was like my prized possession. I kind of let everyone know that she was mine. It was my party, you know.

Later on I tried to get this girl to pose for HUSTLER because she was so incredibly good-looking. She told me that some big shot at Playboy had asked her to pose, but she turned them down. If she had done a spread for them, she wouldn't have been Playmate of the Year. She'd have been Playmate of the Century. But this girl didn't need the exposure. She was so fantastic in the flesh, no photos would have done her justice anyway. And her pussy just tasted really great! There are these special chocolates from Switzerland that I eat, and when somebody kisses you after they've had one of these, their mouth tastes really good. Well, that's the way her pussy tasted.

She wasn't some street prostitute. This gal was Grade A, and it was obvious she knew she was the queen of the place. She really took care of herself. She was definitely the most beautiful whore I've ever seen. I've never seen pictures of a woman in any men's magazine or fashion magazine who had the qualities she had.

We stayed and partied and orgied all night and spent thousands and thousands of dollars. Larry, my girl and I started teaming up on all the other girls. We were tiring them out! My husband's a satyr, after all. We must have gone through 20 or 30 girls that night. It was like, *next!*

It certainly wasn't an evening for the faint of heart. We definitely stole the show.

I never returned to The Fifth Season after that night, but Larry went back all the time. I always approved that he went there rather than anywhere else. I don't like him to wine and dine and romance other women. I always prefer that he pays for it so that they know it's just sex—with no emotions involved. I don't want other women to get any ideas or plans about what's *mine*!

THE FIFTH SEASON

(continued from page 65)

The women's willingness to indulge in post-coital chit-chat eases the assembly-line feeling of sex-for-money.

The drawing card of The Fifth Season, of course, is its fleet of women. A handful are more plain than beautiful, more plump than curvaceous. But for the most part the staff is attractive: leggy brunettes, raven-haired women with the bodies of dancers, a perfectly proportioned Oriental and several big-breasted blondes. Combine their looks with unsolicited gestures of affection, and a customer might be able to suspend disbelief for 30 minutes and forget that he's paying for it.

"We tend to treat clients almost as friends, and you always kiss a friend," says one woman. "I think it's because a lot of the girls here grew up in the '60s. The times were different, a little freer."

This is not to suggest that The Fifth Season is some kind of experimental love-in. Like working women everywhere, the staff gripes about job conditions. Doctor's fees, even those incurred for gynecological exams, must be paid by the girls themselves. While most American workers receive paid sick leave, the management of The Fifth Season (it's run by a woman whose husband is a health

practitioner with nearby offices) requires their women to pay for days missed due to illness—although a doctor's note can relax the fine.

Despite the casual atmosphere, some rules of protocol are observed. You do not interrupt a woman who is talking with another man. Couples usually chat in the booths that surround the swimming pool. Nearby is a large room with a cable television set; if you don't care for the smell of chlorine, you can socialize there.

Most women pass the time by talking with each other, but all of them are easily approachable. This is not a B-girl bar; so the girls on duty will not mention the subject of sex. A customer simply requests she arrange to reserve a room.

Once a couple is ensconced in a bedroom, the subject of money will still not be raised. One advantage of having current members bring in new ones is that the customs are passed along by word of mouth. After a patron showers and changes back into his clothes, he'll find that a \$100 bill pressed into the hand of his favorite woman will be happily received. No muss, no fuss, no solicitation.

The restaurant owner couldn't be certain, but he was convinced the blonde was actually having a good time. He hadn't enjoyed such enthusiastic sex since the early days of his marriage. After she performed oral sex, he returned the favor, and then she dropped to her elbows and knees and begged that he enter her doggy-style. A fine line of perspiration glistened on her upper lip as she moaned and reached between her legs to fondle his balls.

* * *

There is something charming about a prostitute who's willing to hold a conversation. An experienced working girl should find most men to be child's play in bed, but it is the willingness of a woman to indulge in some post-coital chit-chat that eases the assembly-line feeling of sex-for-money. And a working woman with a sense of humor—well, that is a rarity. Several visits to The Fifth Season, as well as conversations with regular customers, reveal the real reason for its success: The women are well-spoken, and members are treated with respect.

"They always tell us here, 'The customer is king,'" one employee said, although not very happily. She told the story of a client who was too drunk to perform and complained to management that his woman was a disappointment. "The man is always supposed to be right, and while that may be overall a good idea, it shouldn't be the case all the time."

But along with employee discipline that even straitlaced IBM might envy, there is some leeway permitted. Women whose families arrive for visits to New York, or who are taking university classes with unusual hours, may rearrange their schedules. Lateness is common, especially early in the day when the women know that few customers will be there. For the widest possible selection of women, knowing members visit early in the evening, when shifts overlap.

The old argument about the financial advantages of "paying for it" was revived last year in the hit movie *Risky Business*, whose hero solicited business for his women by suggesting that potential customers total the cost of the average date and consider its uncertain ending. After paying the entry and room fee and tipping the girl-for-hire, hostess and locker-room attendant, a date at The Fifth Season costs about \$200. In this case at least, you get what you pay for.

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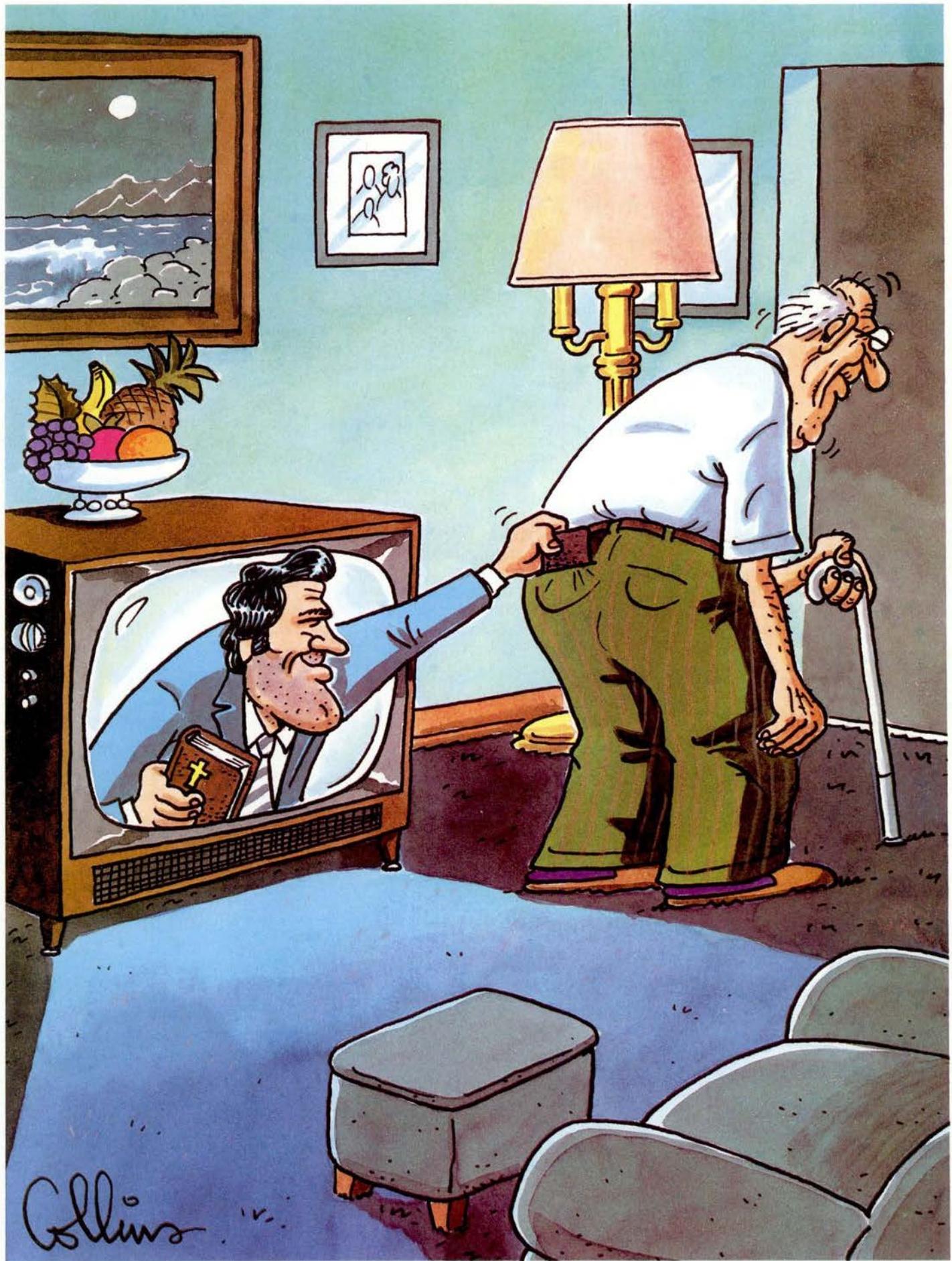
Rush hour was over, and the restaurateur daydreamed as he drove home along the East Side Highway. Damn, he thought, replaying the previous hour's frolics, she really did enjoy the romp as much as I did!

* * *

Ultimately, the successful creation of that illusion is The Fifth Season's greatest triumph.



"Well, hello! You nodded off, and I hated to wake you."



JACKIE PRESSER: (continued from page 58)

Throughout his career Presser's reputation for selling the workers short has forced him to keep on his toes.

1983. His critics claim that that record leaves a lot to be desired. Above all, he has failed to win the trust of his union brethren as a fair and competent negotiator.

In 1982, opponents were furious when then-President Roy Williams signed a concessionary "giveback" contract agreement involving the freight industry, United Parcel Service, automobile carriers and other Teamsters affiliates. They believed Williams had given away the store-guarantees on working conditions and jobs, wage increases and a cost-of-living clause that would have paid for additional benefits. But Presser felt this "attempt to save Teamsters' jobs" didn't go far enough. He proposed lowering wages another \$1.25 per hour for all carriers operating in Ohio. Higher-ranking officials killed the plan.

One of the first moves he made when taking over the Teamsters was to propose another "job-saving" measure, reducing drivers' salaries for newer union members as much as \$2.85 an hour on overnight hauls and 10¢ per mile for local deliveries. Opposing union members found

out about the proposal and struck it down overwhelmingly.

Throughout his career Presser's reputation for selling the workers short has forced him to keep on his toes. The several attempts on his life underscore the fact that he is not loved by all union members. Although Presser packs a gun, he insists he doesn't need bodyguards and denies that he's a target for assassination.

"I don't need anybody," he maintains. "Nobody's shooting at me."

Before assuming the Teamsters' presidency, however, Presser would often hide himself away in a dark-paneled office with two double-locked doors to keep out any unexpected intruders, like the trigger-happy Teamster who almost nailed him in 1966.

But the greatest threat to Presser's continued power is allegations that, as head of Local 507, he approved payments to no-show "ghost workers," including his uncle, Allen Friedman, and Mafia-connected Jack Nardi. Links between the Teamsters and the Mob make it difficult to believe Presser's assertions that the union is clean.

An affidavit filed by George Simmons, a special agent for the Labor Department, claims that he reviewed all of the payroll checks written by Local 507 for the period between January 1, 1977, and December 31, 1981. According to the affidavit, "included in these checks were checks to Jack Nardi, which indicated a gross salary of \$300 per week. Each and every check bears the authorized signatures of Harold Friedman and Jackie Presser."

Presser should be even more worried about what Allen Friedman might say to investigators. Labor Department files state that Friedman at first refused to tell a grand jury about his role in the no-show-workers scam. Late last year, though, he apparently had a change of heart, informing NBC News that he was ready to incriminate his nephew.

"Jackie Presser should have been in jail dozens of times, going back 30 years," Friedman said. "He thinks I won't testify against him, but I don't like the things he's done, double-crossing me, doing what he's doing to working people."

Also included in Labor Department documents is a lengthy report alleging that Presser received kickbacks from a public-relations firm, Hoover-Gorin and Associates, in exchange for a four-year contract worth \$1.3 million a year. Hoover-Gorin was hired by the Teamsters to counter their bad press. The original contract was canceled, and a new one was signed for \$50,000 a year in 1974.

The Labor Department interviewed at length a founder of the PR firm, Harry Haler, about the Presser kickback allegations. Haler told investigators that he arranged the original contract with the union and that "a prerequisite for the Teamsters' accepting the contract was an agreement for his firm to pay Jackie Presser \$16,500 per month over the life of the contract." The monthly payments to Presser were purportedly made in cash by Haler or by a Haler designee with monies supplied by the president of Hoover-Gorin and Associates.

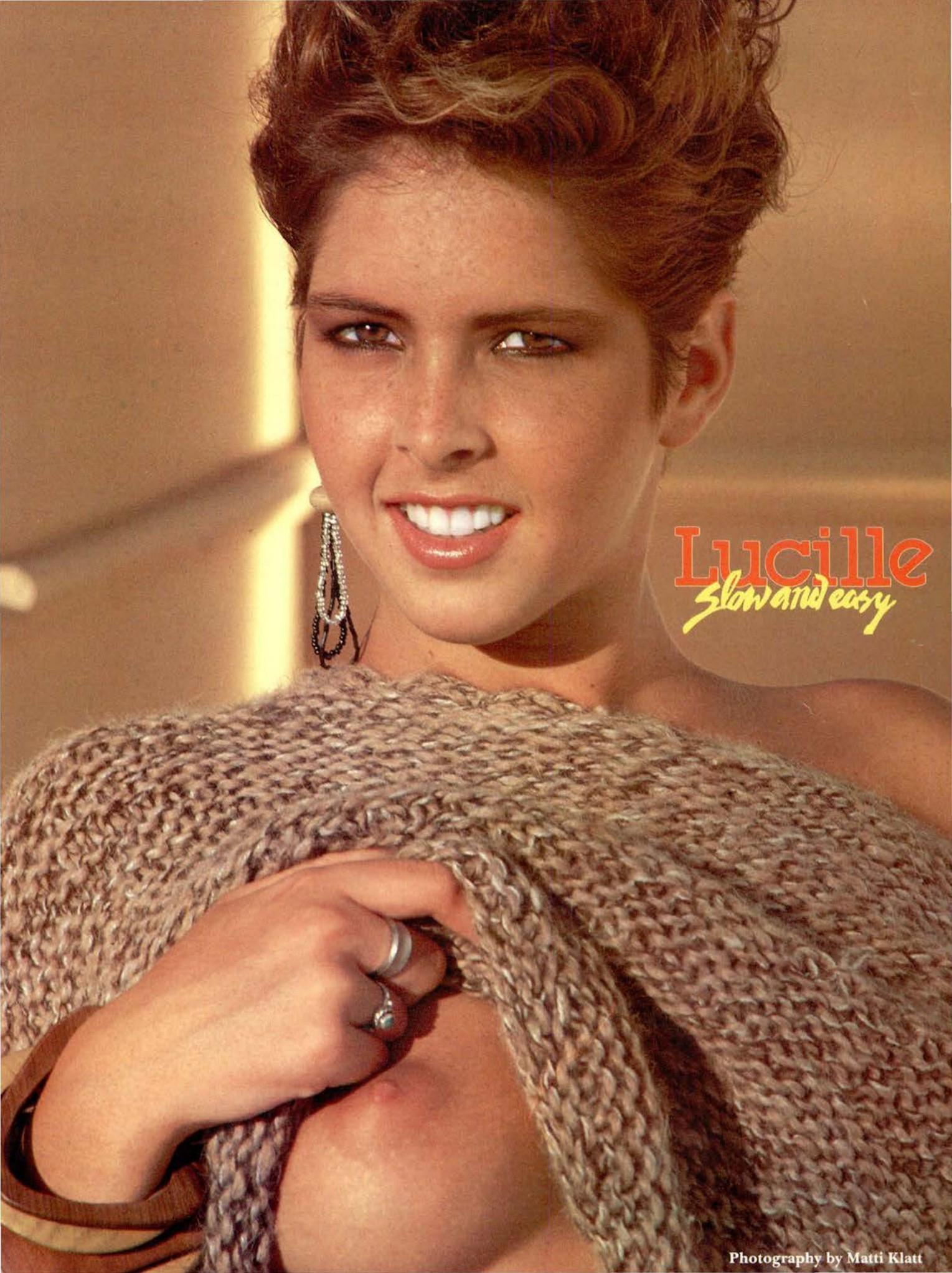
The investigators' report continues, "Haler further alleged that he was informed by Presser that Presser in turn made payoffs to his father, William E. Presser, and to Teamsters International President [at the time] Frank E. Fitzsimmons."

Presser's attorneys dismiss Haler as a scam artist and vehemently deny his charges. One lawyer, John Climaco, pressured the Justice Department into closing the kickbacks investigation, but documents recently obtained by *Cleveland* magazine indicate that the government did have corroborating evidence to support Haler's allegations.

(continued on page 147)



"Never mind who this is, Mr. Flynt . . . what would shots of Nancy Reagan showing pink be worth?"



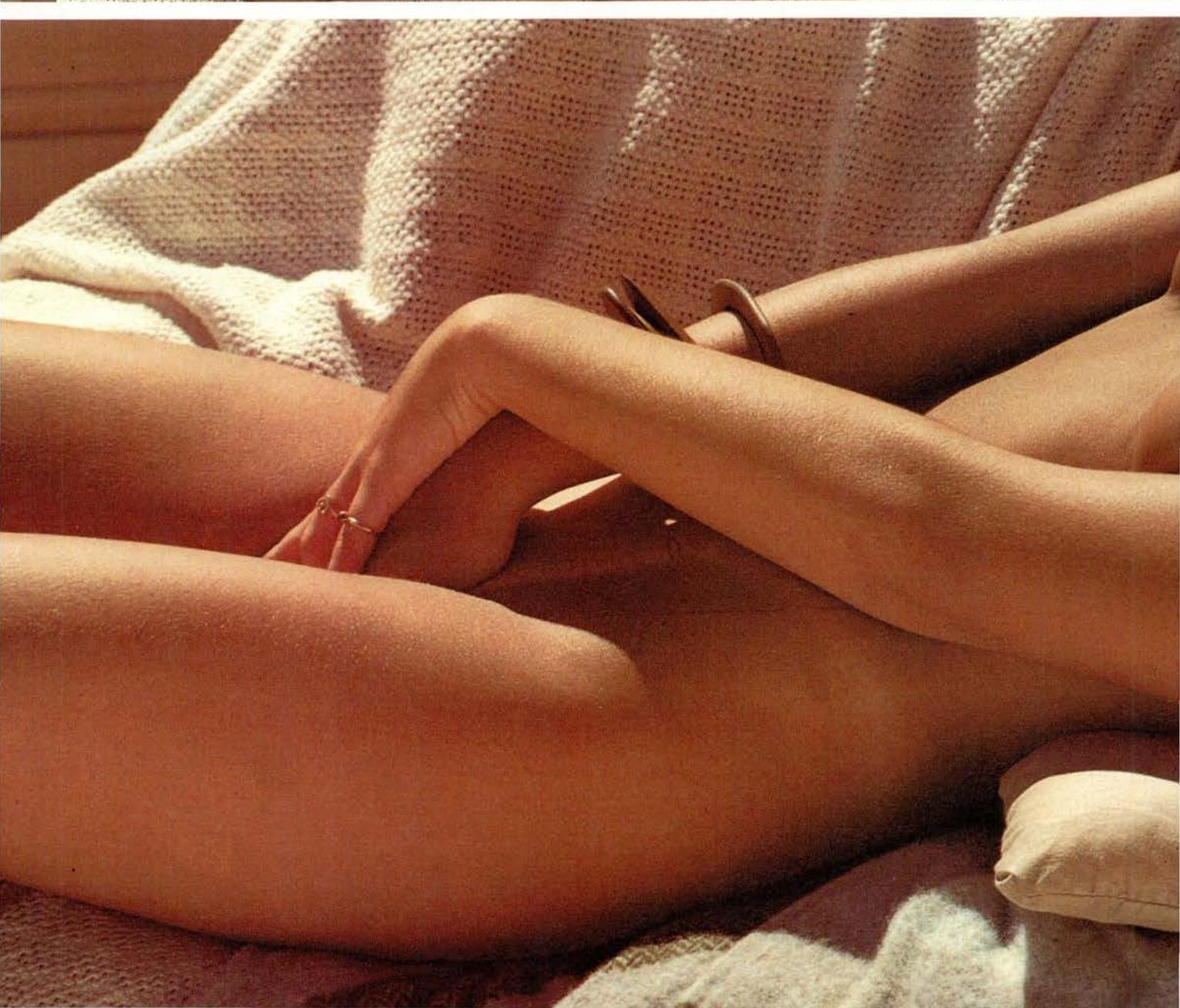
Lucille

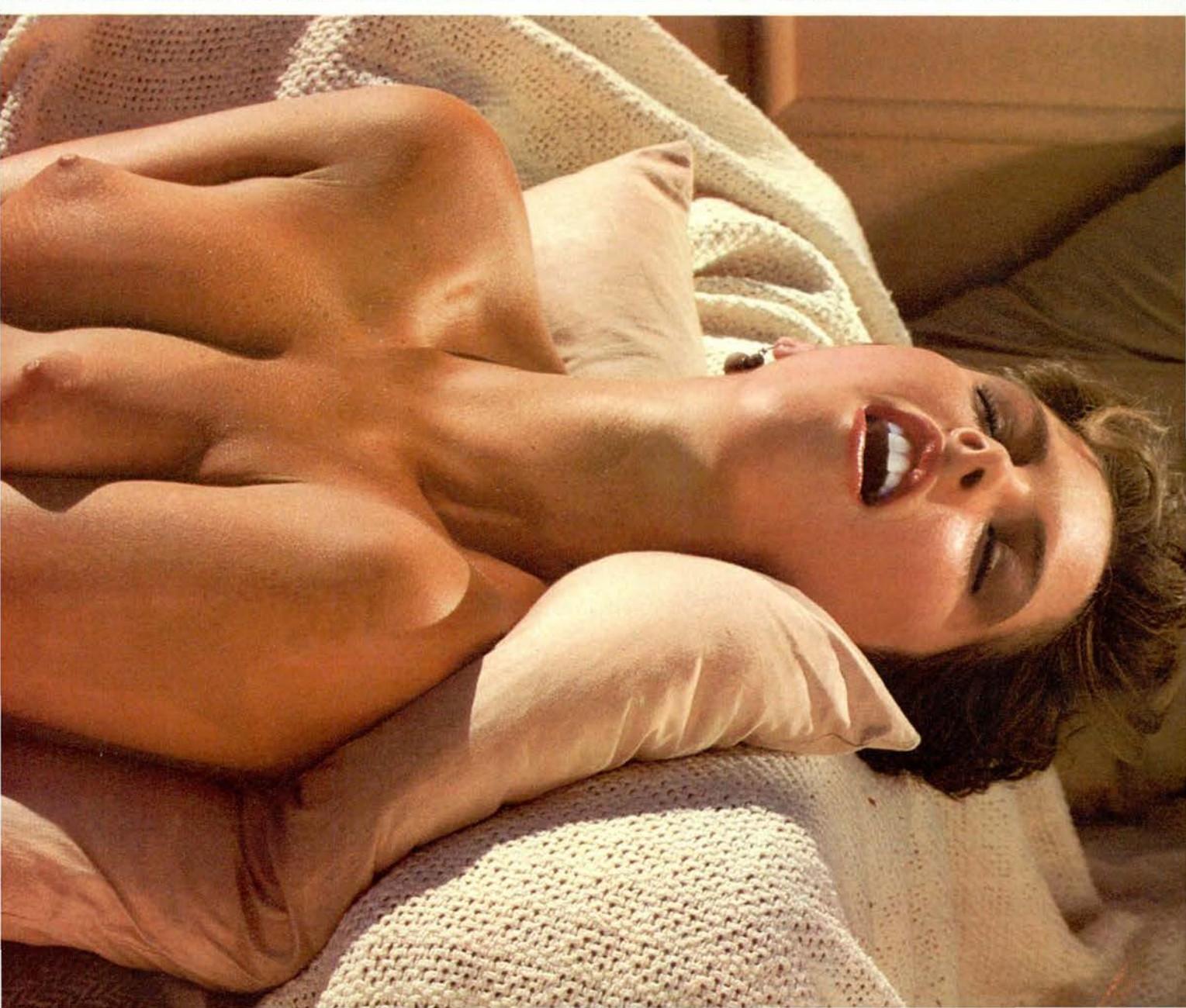
Slow and easy





"Some women prefer quickies," says lip-licking Lucille. "They just can't wait to get a man inside them. But that sort of lovemaking's not for me. I want someone who can do *all* the things that turn me on, and I want him to take his time." This earthy angel has no trouble finding partners who are ready, willing and able. In fact, the only thing her lovers don't do in bed is sleep. As she puts it, "Slam-bang sex is like wolfing down a gourmet meal." And a man would have to be crazy to rush through the banquet of pleasures Lucille has to offer.









If you'd be a
Man,
60 minute time.
Let's make love
lots of love

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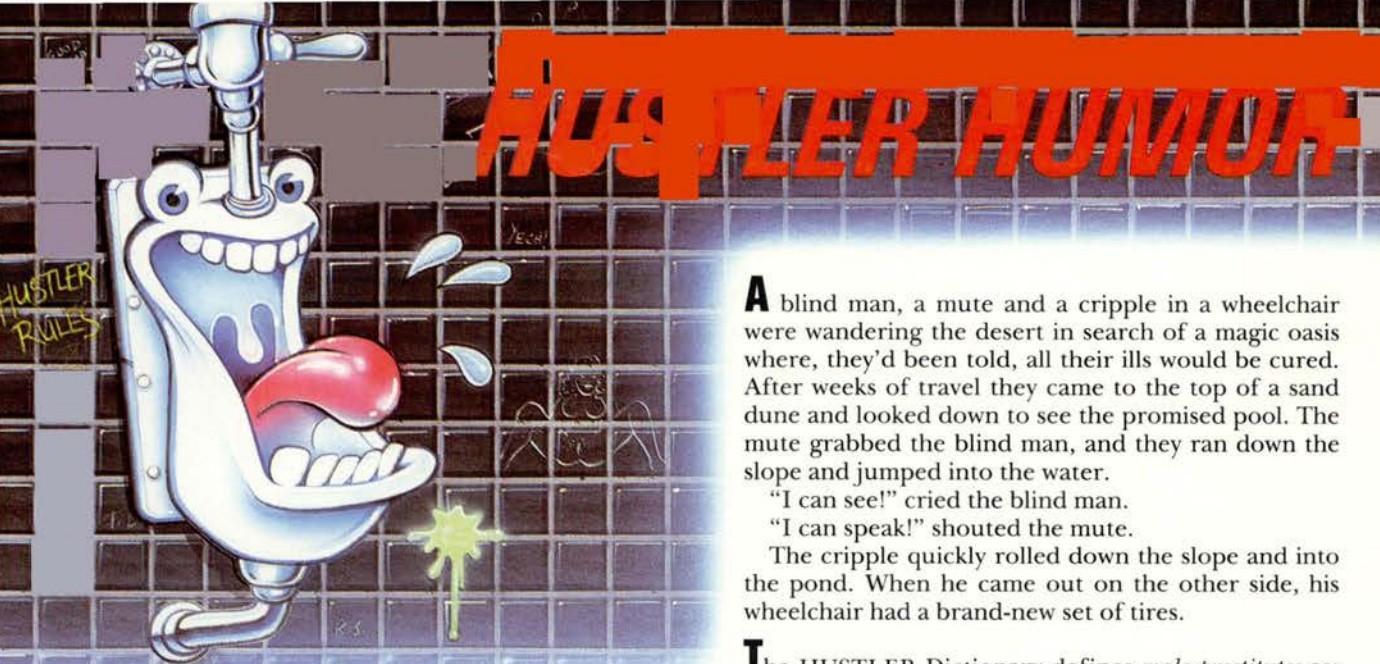
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HUSTLER HUMOR

The new inmate at the insane asylum announced in a loud voice that he was the famous British naval hero Lord Nelson. This was an interesting development because the institution already had one Lord Nelson in residence.

After due consideration the chief psychiatrist decided to put the two patients in the same room, hoping that the similarity of their delusions might help to cure them. It was a calculated risk, as the men might react violently to each other. But they were introduced and left alone, and no disturbance was heard from their room that first night.

The next morning the shrink had a talk with the new patient and was pleasantly surprised when the man announced, "Doctor, I've been suffering from a delusion. I know now that I'm not Lord Nelson."

"That's wonderful," responded the psychiatrist.

"Indeed it is," said the inmate, smiling demurely. "I'm Lady Nelson."

Sam began dropping in at Barney's Bar regularly, and his order was always the same: two martinis. After several weeks Barney asked the guy why he didn't order a double instead.

"It's a sentimental thing," explained Sam. "A very dear friend of mine passed away a few weeks ago, and before he died, he asked that whenever I drink, I have one for him too."

A week later Sam came in and ordered one martini.

"How about your dead buddy?" questioned the barkeep. "Why only one martini today?"

"This is my buddy's drink," came the reply. "I'm on the wagon."

Question: What's a Puerto Rican safari?

Answer: Roach hunting with a can of Raid.

Darlene was telling her friend Deliah about a strange man who had gotten on the bus with her at the same stop. "It was terrible," Darlene huffed. "That asshole grabbed me and kissed me and felt me up until he had to get off the bus."

"Didn't you say anything to him?" asked Deliah.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed her friend. "My mama told me never to talk to strangers!"

A blind man, a mute and a cripple in a wheelchair were wandering the desert in search of a magic oasis where, they'd been told, all their ills would be cured. After weeks of travel they came to the top of a sand dune and looked down to see the promised pool. The mute grabbed the blind man, and they ran down the slope and jumped into the water.

"I can see!" cried the blind man.

"I can speak!" shouted the mute.

The cripple quickly rolled down the slope and into the pond. When he came out on the other side, his wheelchair had a brand-new set of tires.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *male prostitutes* as: laddies of the evening.

A dimwitted farmer named Earl went into a feed store and bought 300 baby chicks. A week later he bought another 300; the following week he came back for 300 more. The feed-store owner was curious; so he asked Earl why he had purchased so many baby chicks. Earl explained that they'd all died.

"Died?" queried the owner. "What's the problem?"

"I dunno," answered Earl, scratching his head. "I'm either planting 'em too deep or too close together."

Question: Where do you find the best black drama?
Answer: Night court.

Riding on a southbound train a few months after the Civil War, a young lady moved from her seat next to a businessman and sat down beside a Confederate veteran who was on his way home.

"That carpetbagger offered me \$10 to spend the night with him," the offended girl told the soldier.

The Rebel drew his gun and shot the man dead.

"Let that be a lesson to any other damn Yankees!" he proclaimed in a booming voice. "Don't come down here and try to double the price of everything!"

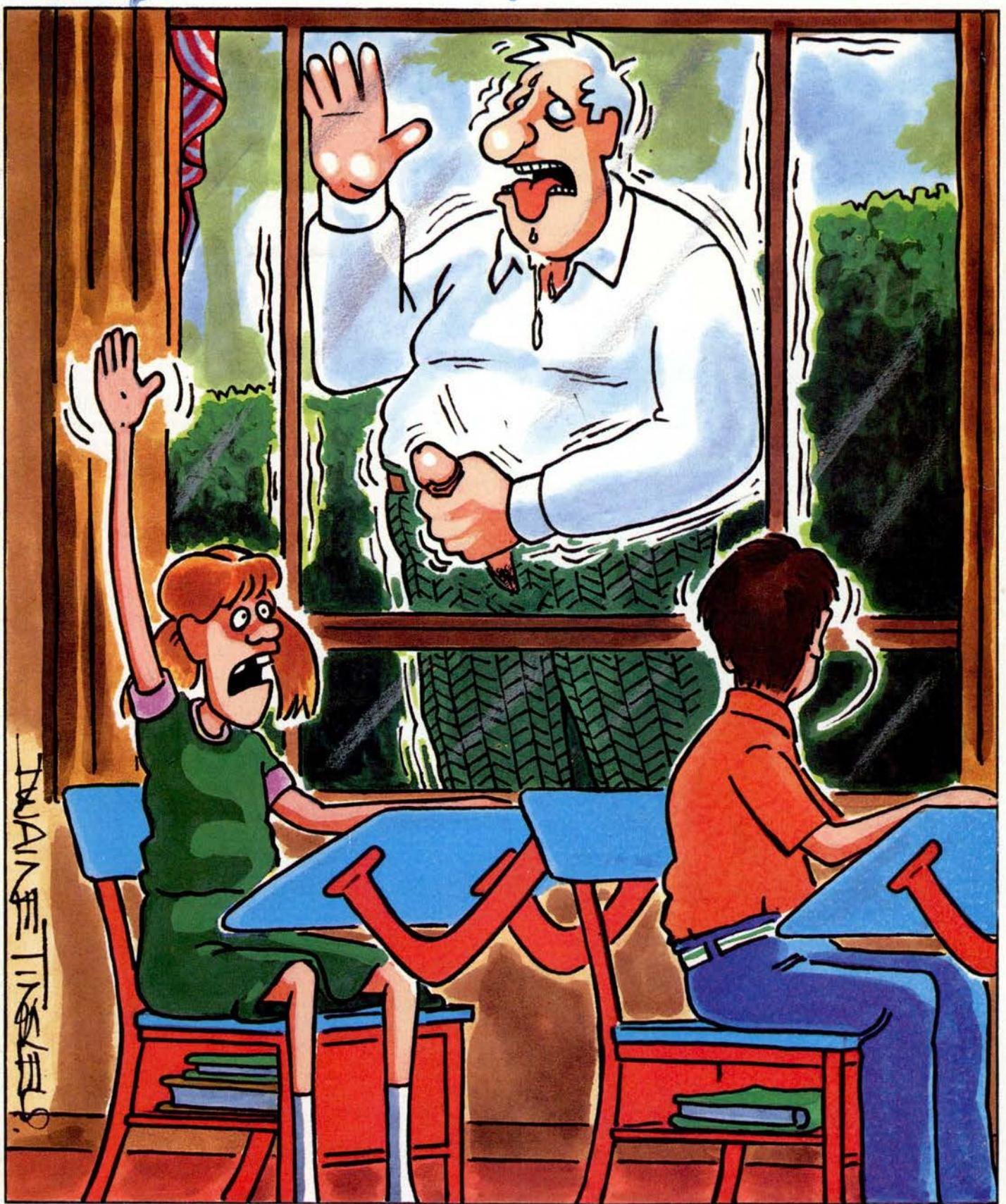
On vacation with his wife in New York City, the Okie was having a few drinks alone in a ritzy Madison Avenue cocktail lounge. When the bartender handed him the check, the Okie took one look at it and complained, "New York is the most expensive place in the world. Back in Oklahoma City you can drink as much as you want without paying, sleep in a fancy hotel for free and wake up to find \$20 on your pillow."

"Oh, come on," said the barkeeper. "Has that ever happened to you?"

"No," admitted the Okie, "but it happens to my wife all the time."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

Chester the Molester



"Yoo-hoo, teacher! He's back!"

A shirtless man lies on a dark surface, his head resting on a blue and yellow computer keyboard. He is looking upwards with a relaxed expression. A red and white zigzag line, resembling a zipper, runs diagonally across the frame from the bottom left towards the top right, ending near the keyboard. In the bottom right corner, a computer monitor displays a yellow screen with the lyrics: "LET ME UNZIP YOU", "OOOH, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL", and "LET ME KISS YOU THERE".

LET ME UNZIP YOU
OOOH, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL
LET ME KISS YOU THERE



ELECTRONIC SEX

Turning On to Your Computer

Report by Dr. Timothy Leary

A young woman named Bonnie is alone in her bedroom. She sits on the edge of the chair with her legs spread wide. She is looking intently at a computer terminal on the desk in front of her. Her eyes are fixated on words that wiggle across the screen. Bonnie blushes

ELECTRONIC SEX (continued from page 83)

People who communicate through computer-phone linkups can reach amazing levels of intimacy.

with excitement. She slips her right hand into her blouse and starts caressing her breast. She is breathing quickly.

Never taking her eyes off the screen, Bonnie slides her left hand down and pulls up her skirt. She squirms into a more comfortable position, spreads her legs wider and continues fondling herself—still not taking her eyes off the words squirting across the screen like spermatozoa.

Suddenly, the words stop.

Bonnie giggles. With her right hand she begins typing letters on the keyboard in front of her. Meanwhile, her left hand continues to move lovingly across her vaginal cleft.

Her words now appear on the screen:

OH, FRED . . . WHEN YOU DO THAT TO ME, IT FEELS SO GOOD. WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO BE SUCH A GOOD LOVER? TELL ME EXACTLY HOW YOU WANT ME TO LOVE YOU. FIRST, I WANT TO STICK MY TONGUE IN YOUR EAR . . . NOW I WANT TO PUT MY HAND ON YOUR KNEE AND MOVE IT UPWARD.

~~DAINE TINSEY~~

OOOH! WHAT'S THIS BIG, STRONG BULGE? LET ME UNZIP YOU. OH, YOU'RE TOO MUCH! LET ME KISS YOU THERE . . .

Bonnie is using her Apple computer to boot up and artfully program the lust circuits in her brain. Her computer is linked via telephone to the computer of a man named Fred whom she has never met—well, never seen in the flesh. Bonnie and Fred "met" in a computer network. They began quite sedately, both contributing ideas to a public-access conference on CIA terrorism in Nicaragua.

They came to like each other's ideas; so they agreed to chat on a private line. Just the two of them.

One thing led to another—as they often do in male-female relationships. At first they joked and flirted with each other. Then they started having imaginary dates. They typed out their dinner orders at an intimate restaurant . . . and their reactions to a movie.

Then, as the imaginary transcontinental dinner date came to a close, Fred typed into his computer:

BONNIE, I THINK YOU'RE A VERY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. I'D LIKE TO KISS YOU GOOD-NIGHT.

Bonnie wasted no time typing her answer:

WHY DON'T YOU COME IN FOR A . . . NIGHTCAP.

The next steps were quite predictable. Both got totally carried away. They started exchanging sexual fantasies, step-by-step descriptions of what they would like to do to each other and what each would like to have the other do. Shyly at first and then bolder and saucier.

After 15 minutes they had constructed the most romantic, elegant, sophisticated, all-out wanton sex affair imaginable. Imagination, the creation of mental images in the brain, was the vehicle of their steamy, fantastic, super-erotic sex party.

Fred and Bonnie were using the miracle of modern electronics to brain-fuck-link up their nervous systems by means of carefully selected signals transmitted between their computers via phone lines.

They had become members of the fastest-growing erotic network in history—those who have discovered the secret of interactive software.

The secret is this: Computer screens have an enormous hypnotic ability to create altered states in the brain. Two people communicating through their computers can access a range of brain circuits much wider and more intense than can be reached by bodily contact. This is because the brain and the computer work the same way—in the language of electrical impulses.

All of us, I am sure, want to improve the wondrous pleasures of our bodies—tender hands; soft, probing fingers; wet lips; soft, curving thighs; sweet, silken mounds; and bulging protuberances. The kissing, cuddling, licking, nuzzling, nibbling, smelling, murmuring, sucking, moaning, fondling, biting, entering, and receiving love's soft bruises.

But however enjoyable, bodily contacts exist for us only as registered in our brains. We sense the touch and taste and perfume and soft-tissue membranes of our lovers only in clusters of electric signals picked up by our neurons.

People who use computer signals to satisfy each other's sexual desires have stumbled onto the next evolutionary step in human interaction: electronic fucking.

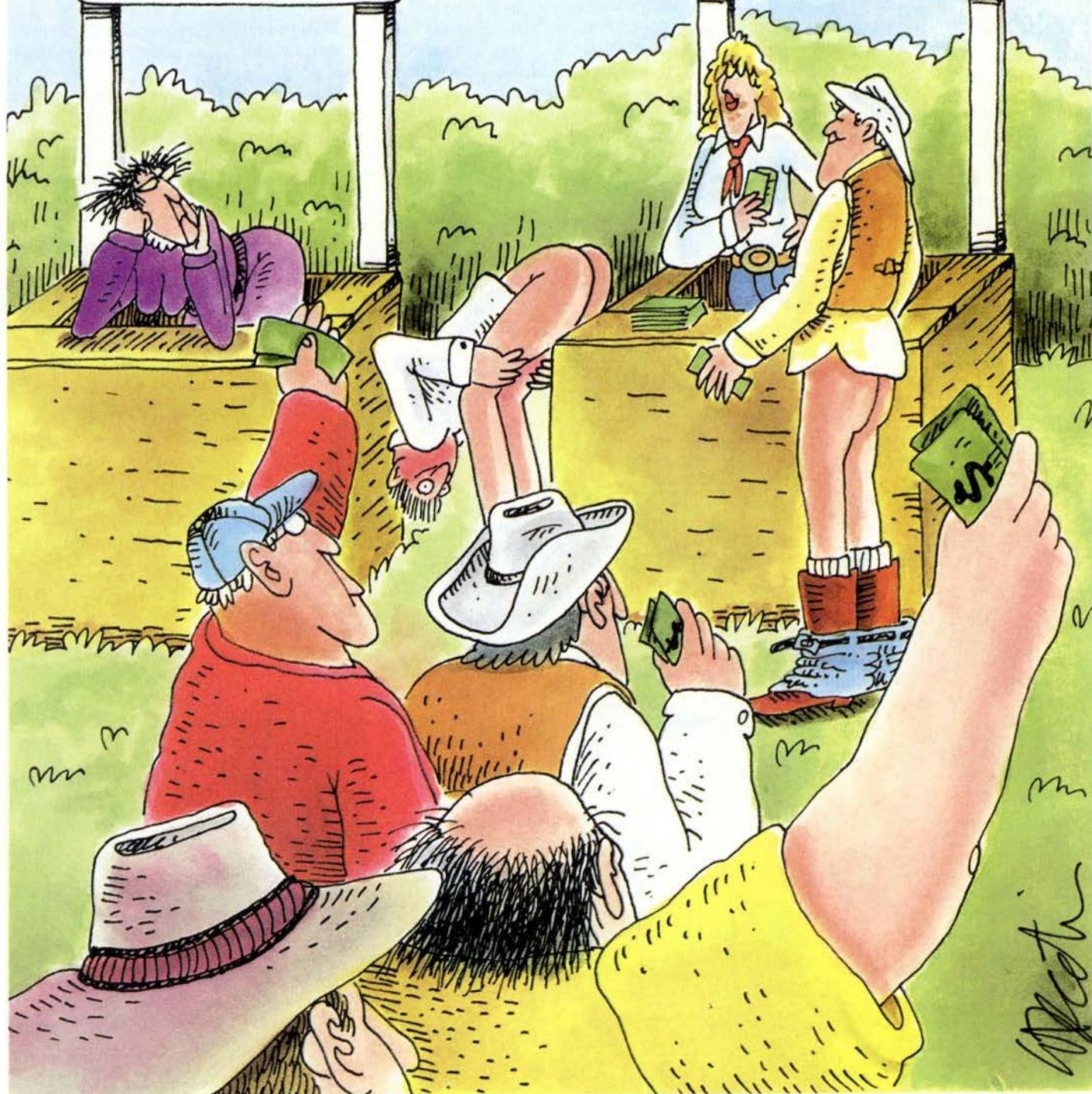
It has been known for years that people who communicate through computer-phone linkups can reach amazing levels of intimacy. This was a surprising development. Most respected newspaper columnists, pop psychologists, liberal



DO COUNTY FAIR

KISSES \$1

RIM-JOB \$10



ELECTRONIC SEX (continued from page 84)

Computer foreplay is a wonderfully natural way for two people to start their mating dance.

ministers and right-wing moralists had been warning that computers would de-personalize humanity, alienating us more from each other.

These media experts made the classic, dreary conservative mistake—trying to understand and explain the future in terms of the past. With their eyes firmly fixed on the rearview mirror, so to speak, they thought of the computer as a machine. A metal product of the industrial age. No one, except certain decadent, black-leather, transvestite, wildlife fans of kinky techno-punk musicians like Lou Reed, Pink Floyd, David Bowie, Quiet Riot, Talking Heads, Twisted Sister and Police would think of using machines, for Christ's sake, with ball-bearings and transmissions and smoky-metal parts to help enhance sexual and romantic experience.

But the computer is not a machine. It's a silicon brain.

Now think about that for a moment. A human brain has no eyes, ears, full lips, strong thighs. It is a powerful knowledge processor packed away in and protected by the bony case of the skull. The same is

true of the computer, a powerful knowledge processor packed away in and protected by a metal case.

Both the brain and the computer receive, sort and generate "ideas" in clusters of electric on/off signals.

The brain is the ultimate pleasure organ. And the personal computer, if you know how to use it, is the ultimate instrument for sexual intercourse.

Why? Because when two people link up via computers, their "naked" brains are interfacing. Directly.

All the complicated apparatus of physical contact—bedrooms, zippers, bras, contraceptives, bodily parts—is bypassed. Your electronic tongue can slide along the telephone cables into her soft, pink brain without those clumsy props to get in the way.

Suppose that Fred and Bonnie had met at a conventional discussion group and started dating. First, at a coffee shop. Later, maybe a cocktail lounge. Then dinners and movies. Next, some fumbling steps at intimacy—holding hands, rubbing knees under the table. What to wear?

And, of course, asking the familiar geo-

graphic questions. My place or yours?

Then the complicated dance of mutual seduction. The nagging worries of the person with no more than average sexual competence.

He thinks, *Shall I make my move now?*

She wonders, *Will he think I'm "too easy" if I grab a handful?*

Is she smart? Is she pretty enough? Can I get it up? Does she like to give head? Does she like to take head?

Is he hip enough? Too hip? Is he handsome enough? Can he get it up? Would he stick his tongue in me the way I want it? Who is this guy anyway?

Who is this dame anyway?

Worry. Worry.

Computer foreplay is a wonderfully natural way for two people to start their mating dance.

You may wonder why I use the word *natural* to describe communication via phone-linked computers. Actually, almost every animal species has developed distance-courting signals to pave the way for the eventual sweaty, writhing contact of genital sex.

Insects telecommunicate their sexual desires with amazing gusto. Every little cricket you hear scraping his violin-string wings on a hot summer night is telling the neighborhood ladies exactly how he'd like to do it to them. The horny boy cricket is talking directly to the brain of the girl cricket.

Pheromones, which cause the chemical scent of the female dog in heat, are like telephone messages letting every lusty male within five miles know how the horny young bitch looks and tastes and wants it done to her. (For a discussion on pheromones, see HUSTLER's July '80 *Sex Play*.)

And how about bird songs as a compelling way for arousing sexual desire. At the right time of year, usually in the spring, the male songbird's body swells with the sex hormone testosterone.

He bursts into song. He sends a long-distance mating-dating message that is picked up by every female within earshot of him.

The song boots up the sex circuits in the female's brain, and she suddenly starts thinking about how nice it would be to have a lusty guy around to nibble her willing neck and stroke her soft body with his wings and climb on her with his wiry, strong, warm body and open her up with his straining hard cock and make her feel just the way her brain tells her a young "bird" should feel in the springtime.

Fernando Nottebohm and his colleagues at Rockefeller University have recently announced a discovery that "shakes the conventional wisdom of

(continued on page 96)

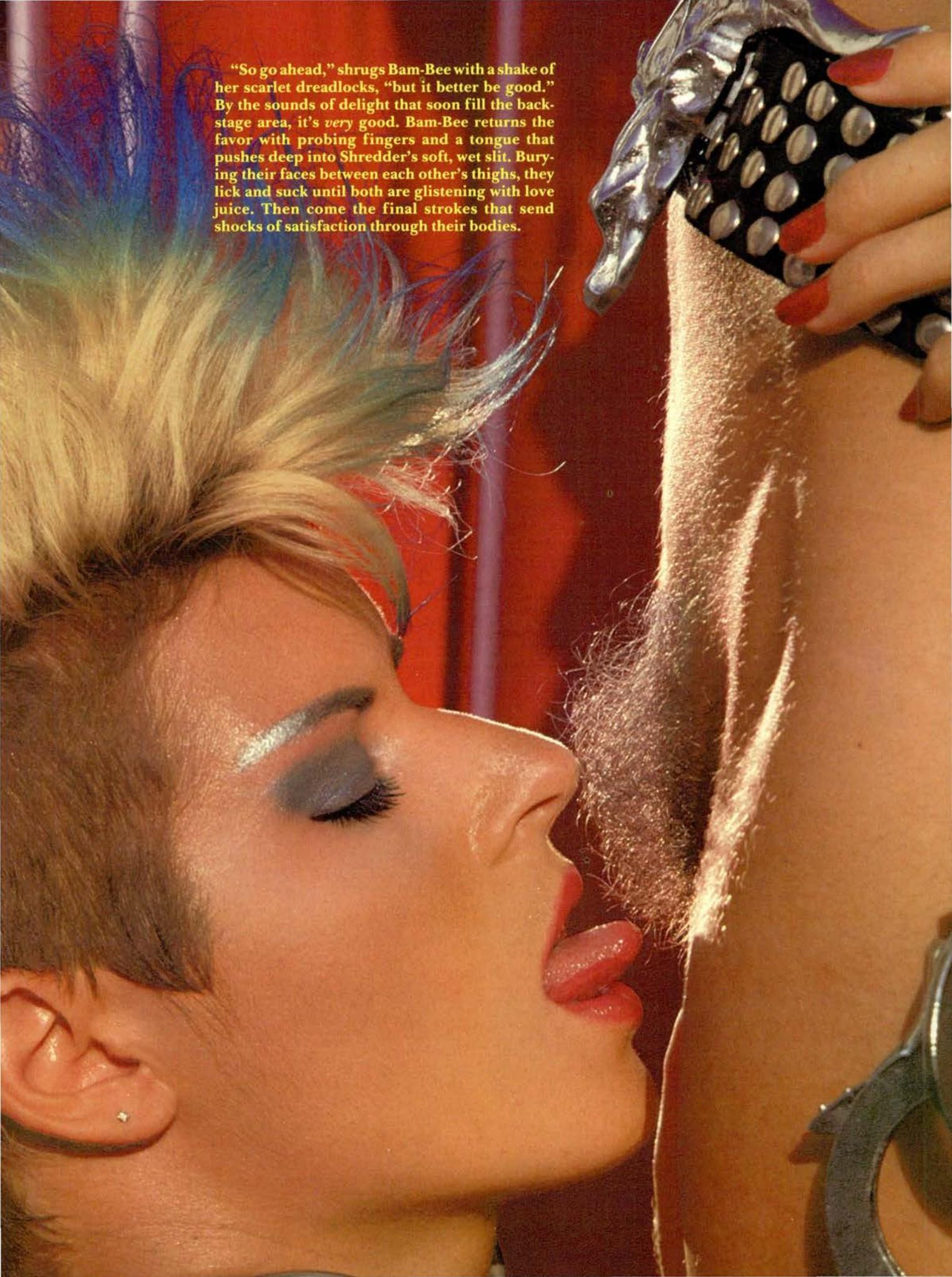


"Sorry, kid . . . this is an abortion."



Bam-Bee and Shredder

The band has left the stage at the Screaming Skull Club, and just about all the slam-dancing punks who filled the dance floor have gone home. That's when Bam-Bee notices another late-night straggler. "My name's Shredder," says the mohawked lovely, and after making some small talk, she gets to the point. "I want to eat you... right now."



"So go ahead," shrugs Bam-Bee with a shake of her scarlet dreadlocks, "but it better be good." By the sounds of delight that soon fill the backstage area, it's *very* good. Bam-Bee returns the favor with probing fingers and a tongue that pushes deep into Shredder's soft, wet slit. Burying their faces between each other's thighs, they lick and suck until both are glistening with love juice. Then come the final strokes that send shocks of satisfaction through their bodies.









Lying back, Bam-Bee turns to her new friend and asks, "Come here often?"

Shredder runs a finger along the lips of her pussy and replies: "With you, I can come all the time."





Kevin Cody

RFK Assassination Tapes: Scientific Proof of a Second Gunman

In keeping with HUSTLER's long tradition of presenting even the most controversial viewpoints, we provide this space to outspoken opinion makers in politics, religion, the arts and other segments of contemporary society. The author of this month's Guest Editorial is Kevin Cody, editor and publisher of Easy Reader—a dynamic Southern California weekly newspaper.

Oh, my God, Senator Kennedy has been shot and another man, a Kennedy campaign manager, possibly shot in the head. I am right here, and Rafer Johnson has ahold of (*thup*) the man who apparently fired the shot. He has fired the shot. He still has the gun; the gun is pointed at me right at this moment. I hope they can get the gun out of his hand. Be very careful; get the (*thup*) gun; get the gun! (*Thup-thup.*) Stay away from the gun! Stay away from the gun! His hand is frozen! Get his thumb; get his thumb! (*Thup-thup.*) Take ahold of his thumb and break it if you have to! Get his thumb! (*Thup-thup-thup.*) Now, get away from the barrel, get away from the barrel, man. Look out for the gun! Okay, all right, that's it, Rafer! Get it; get the gun, Rafer! (*Thup-thup-thup-thup.*) . . .

* * *

Every journalist dreams about at least one good chance at the "story of the century." I was sure I had mine when I disclosed the above audio transcript last summer in an article printed in my newspaper, *Easy Reader*. The story focused on a series of recently recovered tape recordings made at the scene when Senator Robert F. Kennedy was assassinated in the kitchen pantry of Los Angeles's Ambassador Hotel on June 5, 1968. The dramatic narrative was delivered by Andrew West—a reporter for the Mutual Radio network—as he stood within several feet of the victim.

Scientific analysis of this tape recording alone has since yielded *positive proof* that Sirhan Sirhan was *not* the only gunman/assassin to fire a weapon during the RFK shooting. Despite steadfast denials by Los Angeles law officers and Sirhan's 1969 conviction as the lone murderer, a conspiracy that is still unsolved was in fact behind the killing of Robert Kennedy. And at least one other assassin/conspirator is walking the streets free while Sirhan rots in the Correctional Training Facility at Soledad, California.

Late in 1982 I watched as an acoustics scientist named Dr. Michael H. L. Hecker conducted a series of sophisticated tests on the West recording at the laboratories of Stanford Research Institute in Menlo Park, California. An expert whose credentials include analy-

ses of Richard Nixon's infamous Watergate tapes, Dr. Hecker next studied the extensive data he extracted from the West recording. Then he swore out a formal declaration attesting that he had *positively identified* "no fewer than ten gunshots" (the *thups* sounds on the West tape)—*two more* than the capacity of Sirhan's eight-shot revolver.

Reporter West's description of the assassination didn't begin until after Kennedy and union official Paul Schrade (misidentified by West as a "campaign manager") had already been shot and felled. Uncontested forensic data in the case indicates this amounts to at least four more gunshots. Thus, when combined with Dr. Hecker's count of ten subsequent shots, the overall total automatically climbs to 14.

Significantly, Dr. Hecker has suggested the possibility of an even higher total. He believes that three of the 13 *thups* heard overall on the West recording also had scientific characteristics peculiar to gunshots. "For those (other) ten, though," Hecker told me, "I'd pick a bone in court with anyone who argued they weren't gunshots."

In the months following Dr. Hecker's tests, six more assassination tapes of considerably higher quality became available. Curiously enough, these audio and visual recordings were acquired through the uncustomary cooperation of high-level officials at ABC, CBS and NBC, who had been impressed with Hecker's standing in the scientific community and, of course, with his formal declaration.

Careful analysis of these recordings not only confirmed Dr. Hecker's original findings, they expanded the "database" considerably. By late 1983 between 16 and 20 gunshots had been positively identified on these additional recordings.

Preparation of my report on the assassination tapes was encouraged by a group of unusually qualified experts on the subject. Most prominent was Vincent Bugliosi, famed prosecutor of the Charles Manson family and author of the best-selling book about them, *Helter-Skelter*.

(In 1975 Bugliosi, late liberal activist Allard Lowenstein and victim Paul Schrade had spearheaded a

challenge of the L.A. police conclusion that a "lone assassin" had been responsible for Kennedy's murder. During special hearings into the matter firearms experts were unable to confirm or validate the "lone assassin" theory. But these same experts did cast serious doubts on the scientific integrity of the original police investigation.

Next was Dr. Robert J. Joling, past president of the American Academy of Forensic Sciences, long a leading advocate for independent judicial review of the Kennedy and Martin Luther King assassinations.

Angeles Times, AP, UPI, Reuters, National Public Radio and the ABC, CBS, NBC and Mutual Broadcasting networks.)

Imagine my shock, then, to learn that as of this writing not one word has been published or broadcast about the RFK-murder tapes—not even by the three major networks that had provided the tapes for scientific analysis! Equally astounding, Dr. Hecker has never been contacted about his historical declaration.

The only ray of light in an otherwise blacked-out news tunnel was an attempted pursuit of the story by

Nearly all historians, political opportunists and "close friends" of Robert F. Kennedy have refused to demand that his own belief in decency and justice be applied to learning the truth behind his assassination.

Rounding out the group were ex-broadcast newsman Jonn G. Christian and former FBI agent William Turner, authors of *The Assassination of Robert F. Kennedy: A Searching Look at the Conspiracy and Coverup—1968-1978* (Random House, 1978).

This critically acclaimed work—evidence from which was presented in an article for HUSTLER's January 1979 issue—was likened by one reviewer to a "formidable grand-jury presentation" in book form. The authors' unprecedented "undercover" counterinvestigation had begun in the immediate aftermath of the RFK killing, in conjunction with the California Chief Deputy Attorney General's office.

This volume presented FBI photos of five bullet holes at the assassination scene in excess of the "official" eight-count, with a corroborating statement signed by the agent in charge of the FBI's crime-scene investigation. Another signed statement (and corresponding photos of these extra bullet holes) came from Los Angeles's then-coroner, Dr. Thomas M. Noguchi. In short, the Christian-Turner book contained more than enough evidence to convince even the most skeptical that Sirhan could not possibly have acted alone.

I had written earlier stories about the Christian-Turner evidence in 1978, 1979 and 1983. While public reaction was generally quite positive, no other news sources were interested in picking up where I left off.

But I felt sure that my "assassination tapes" story contained the most persuasive evidence of a coverup yet. I believed that it would trigger an across-the-board followup by all serious news organizations exposed to its revelations—particularly the implications of Dr. Hecker's astounding declaration.

A press kit was assembled, complete with my story, photos and corresponding exhibits from the Christian-Turner book and a cassette recording of the West tape. Some 40 local, regional and national news sources were provided with these kits well in advance of my paper's publication date last June—two days before the 16th anniversary of Robert F. Kennedy's assassination. (Major news sources I contacted included the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Los*

veteran commentator Bill Stout of CBS's Los Angeles affiliate, KCBS-TV. Encouragingly enough, Stout also noted that a primary source for the CBS story would be the Christian-Turner book . . . itself the object of a shameful coverup.

My *Easy Reader* article had contained details behind the astonishing discovery that Random House had secretly "withdrawn" the Christian-Turner book from the nation's bookstores. According to officials of the Justice Project—a tax-exempt group formed in 1983 to probe the RFK assassination—more than half of 20,000 hardcover copies of the book have been hidden away in Random House vaults and are "not available under any circumstances."

This outrageous news blackout was apparently caused by the publisher's cooperation in the secret settlement of a libel suit brought by a man the authors (and others before them) had linked through documented evidence to organized crime, CIA "dirty tricks" and the assassinations of both Robert Kennedy and his brother, President John F. Kennedy in 1963. Not only did such a settlement violate the contract between the authors and Random House, it may well have set a dangerous "censorship" precedent in the publishing world.

Robert Kennedy's memory is forever invoked by historians, political opportunists and "close friends." Yet to date, nearly all of them have refused to demand that RFK's own belief in decency and justice be applied to learning the truth behind his assassination.

In his 1967 book, *To Seek a Newer World*, Kennedy himself wrote: "Each time a man stands up for an ideal or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope. . . ."

For the sake of our country's future, let's hope this *Guest Editorial* causes much more than a ripple.

Readers who share or disagree with Kevin Cody's opinions are encouraged to address HUSTLER's *Feedback* section (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054). Those who are interested in lending moral or financial support to the unraveling of the RFK mystery should direct correspondence to The Justice Project Inc. (Suite 401, 4676 Admiralty Way, Marina Del Rey, CA 90291). 

Electronic sex is easier than running around like a horny robot jumping in and out of bed with strangers.

brain science. . . . Nerve cells in birds go through giant cycles of birth and death. . . . At the time of hormonal changes the brain anatomies change. The specific portion of the forebrain responsible for singing, which is large in the spring, becomes half as large in the fall.

"Furthermore, talented canary singers have larger specialized regions than those deemed less talented."

In other words, the brain is a sexual organ that can swell and subside like the pink membranes. And the steamy brain gets turned on by good signals. And the songbirds who can "give good phone" get smarter! What an advertisement for computer sex!

Come to think of it, telecommunicated sexual messages have become a standard courting technique in industrial-urban societies where boys and girls don't get to see each other over the years around the village square.

How do city kids get to know each other, test each other out as mating partners? The use of the telephone by courting adolescents is an inevitable step in human evolution. Computer sex just

adds a new dimension to the conversation of good, honest boy-girl lust. Apple-talk is a direct way of turning on the teenage circuits of our brains.

At the onset of puberty different circuits of our brains activate. The human body undergoes a sudden change almost as dramatic as the metamorphosis from caterpillar to butterfly.

All sorts of new bumps and protuberances emerge on the young nubile body. Breasts begin to swell and strain to be caressed. The little worm-penis of the schoolboy grows into a swelling, red tube of pulsing desire.

New circuits of the brain suddenly turn on, flooding the body with impetuous hormones and hot mating juices. The teenager becomes obsessed with sex.

Psychologists tell us that the teenager thinks about it several times a day. Involuntary erections strain the jeans of the embarrassed lad. Steamy currents of desire lash the body of the perturbed young lady—she screams at rock stars and swoons over the pinups of handsome movie actors.

Terry Southern, our great satirist (he

wrote the scripts for *Dr. Strangelove*, *Candy* and *The Magic Christian*) has cunningly described the barnyard lust that all of us feel during adolescence: "Young Ralph and Babs are watching a drive-in movie. It's their first date. Ralph moves over and starts the ritual. . . .

"'Babs, I love you so,' undoing, as he speaks, the central six buttons of her blouse, wherein he enters his hand caressingly.

"'No, no, no,' she pleads . . . but the hand is there, so searchingly, so findingly there.

"'Oh no, Ralph, darling, please no. Ralph, please, I love you so, please don't. Ralph, oh please, Ralph. God, please stop. . . . Ralph, darling, please, no. Really please. Oh, Ralph, I love you. Please don't, really, don't, please. Ralph, I can't, darling, I love you, please, oh, Ralph, please. . . . I'd rather die. Please, God, oh please, oh, Ralph, please. . . . I'd rather die. Please, God, oh please, God. Ralph, you're hurting me. Please, oh no, please oh no, oh please. . . .'"

The fact that the normal teenager thinks of sex almost constantly creates the painful, moody, clumsy, often-hysterical extremes of adolescence. Most teenage boys will fuck anything in sight that is female.

When I was a practicing psychotherapist, I once treated a prominent judge. While lying on the couch, His Honor recalled a high-school incident when he had driven his father's car to Coney Island and picked up a 60-year-old woman who had a wooden leg.

"She was wrinkled and ugly and probably senile, but very willing," he said. "Her lust turned me on! The wooden leg was a minor problem, mainly avoiding slivers while getting her pants off. None of that mattered! She was a willing woman!"

Let's face it, teenagers are often coarse, crude and insensitive to the delicate needs of others. In the desperate grip of passion they trip over themselves and hurt people's feelings.

They'll use any means possible to turn on and channel their sexual drives. Boys study magazines like *HUSTLER*, letting the pictures and the text trigger their vivid imaginations. Girls devour magazines about rock stars and movie actors. The pictures activate the swelling "sex areas" of the brain. Remember the horny songbirds?

Moralists condemn solitary sex and try to suppress erotic-aesthetic publications that people use to trigger their imaginations and boot up the "sex areas" in their brains.

When I was a teenager back in the dark ages of the 1930s, we were warned in sex manuals that masturbation caused

(continued on page 98)



"Yippee! It's Captain Midol!"



"And, of course, here we have the most-up-to-date day-care equipment."

ELECTRONIC SEX (continued from page 96)

*Get on-line and talk to the brain of your partner.
Stick your hot tongue into her cerebral canal.*

nervousness, mental breakdown and eventual brain damage.

The Catholic Church was pursuing its insane policy of stamping out genital pleasure and preventing the "sex areas" of my brain from swelling. I remember the kinky conversations in the confessional box. I would kneel in the dark booth and whisper through the screen into the invisible ear, "Forgive me, Father. I am guilty of impure thoughts and deeds."

"Which impure deeds, my son?"

"Self-abuse, Father."

"Hmmm. How many times?"

"Seven times, Father."

"Did you use any sinful books or magazines?"

"Yes, Father. *Spicy Detective, Spicy Adventure, Spicy Western, Film Fun, Captain Billy's Whiz Bang Joke Book, Atlantic City Bathing Beauties, Hollywood Starlets...*"

"Enough, enough!" the flustered priest would cry. "Such books and magazines are occasions of sin. You must destroy them."

"Yes, Father."

"Now, say a heartfelt Act of Contri-

tion. And as your penance, say five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys."

This amazing vicarious ritual did little to prevent the "sex areas" of my brain from growing. Might as well try to stop the testosterone-drenched songbirds from singing! Confessions were heard by the poor, sex-tortured priests because it was their only erotic contact. They obviously got off on it.

In a way, we sinners were giving the Good Fathers phone sex.

The padres just sat there, and we sinners poured our juicy signals into their receptive "sex areas."

Teenagers today spend hours on the telephone joking and flirting because it's a safe and calm way to explore their erotic interests without being swirled into an immediate grappling scene. They stimulate each other's imaginations, exploring and experimenting with erotic signals.

The telephone-sex services advertised in the pages of HUSTLER are another step forward in the art and science of brain-fucking. Sandi's Phone Sex ad invites you to "Talk dirty to me! I'll rub my

nipples hard. I want to cum with your phone fantasies."

Anal Annabelle offers to spread herself wide open and give you all of her.

"Beg for it!" says Mistress Kate. "I know what you deserve."

Murmurs Lisa: "Climax with me! I'm hot, wet and waiting!"

Maybe you've thought that this stuff is a bit kinky. Perhaps you've felt it's a masturbation aid for lonely people with low self-esteem.

Wrong! That's what the moralists and spoilsports want us to think. Actually, phone sex is wonderfully designed to learn how to become skilled at brain-fucking. In the archives of our brains we all carry electric memories of our earliest teenage passions. So why not turn them on and enjoy them at will?

Learn how to send to your brain the cues, the sensory signals that activate your horniest 16-year-old memories. You can use a telephone-call service or do it with a friend. Ask her—or him—to whisper to you the names and phrases of your first crushes. The songs of your heated season of rut.

Do you see what you are doing? Booting up your adolescent circuits with the teenage access codes. You are performing a neuro-linguistic experiment. You are executing a self-hypnotic age regression. You are "commanding" your own brain to expand the "sex areas."

Now here is some good news.

Your brain is eager to oblige.

Your brain wants to be stimulated, opened up, caressed, fondled by a sure mind.

Your brain hates boredom.

If you keep your brain repeating the same old reality tape month after month, it will sigh and give up on you—just like a neglected lover.

For many people electronic sex—using the telephone or computer to arouse the brain—is a lot easier than running around like a horny robot pulling clothes off and on, jumping in and out of bed with strangers. Unless you are incredibly cool and poised, it's difficult—on a first date—to teach a new partner how to turn on your imagination and then start acting it out, while at the same time trying to master the private signals that turn her brain on.

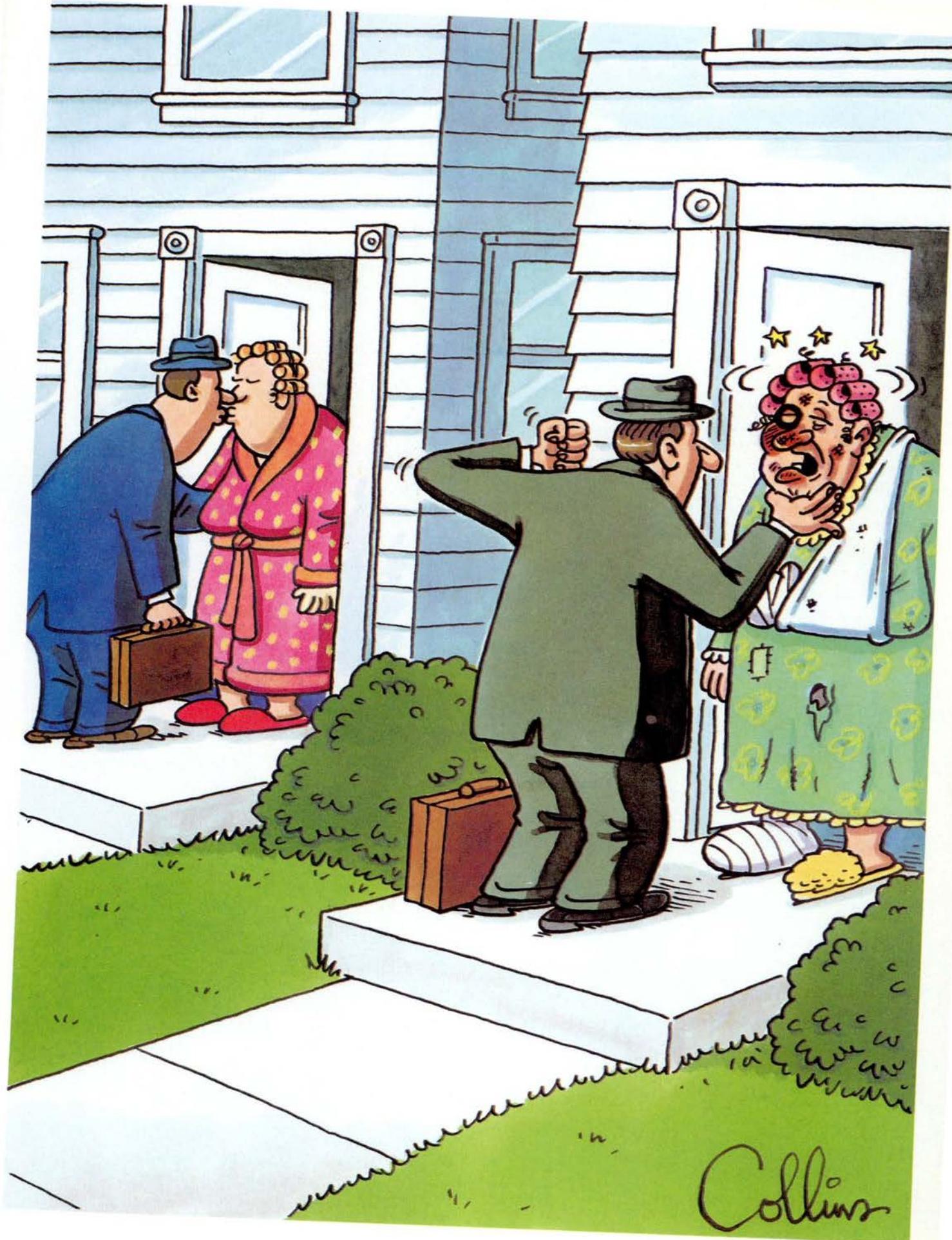
Conversing erotically over telephone lines is a relaxed way of learning how to explore this brand-new frontier of brain-fucking.

Get on-line and talk to the brain of your partner. Murmur teenage sweet nothings into her brain's ear. Stick your hot tongue into her cerebral canal and whisper exactly the things she wants to hear.

(continued on page 108)



*"He said that birth control was a woman's responsibility;
so I cut his balls off."*





Photography by Clive McLean

A color photograph of a man sleeping peacefully in a bed. He is shirtless, with his arms behind his head, resting on white pillows. In the foreground, a tray holds a meal consisting of a sandwich, fruit, and a glass of orange juice. The scene conveys a sense of relaxation and indulgence.

Wake-Up Call

Breakfast in bed? Not a bad idea,
but who can think about eating
when there's a much tastier dish
available?







A photograph of a man and a woman in bed. The woman, with long blonde hair, is positioned over the man, her back to the viewer. She is wearing white lace-trimmed underwear. The man's head is visible behind her, and his hands are on her lower back. They appear to be in a intimate pose, likely after sexual activity. The scene is set against a backdrop of white satin sheets.

Though they have just awakened following a night of torrid lovemaking, the passionate pair devour each other with their eyes until their taste buds again start to salivate. Food is forgotten as they forage into each other. A sampling of pussy juices barely quenches his thirst for her. Hungry for his meat, she swallows him whole.



Finally, their erotic fervor reaches its climax, and their straining bodies are satisfied. Then they relax until the next course. Their day of bedroom debauchery has only just begun.



HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



© HUSTLER 1981

Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name _____ Name to Be Published _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

Model's Social Security Number _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer _____

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY
I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I also understand that if the editors so decide, my photographs can be published in GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION Magazine's photo contest, *My Woman... My Wife*, in which case the prize awarded is \$50, or in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature _____

Date _____

ELECTRONIC SEX

(continued from page 98)

You are back again in your parents' house flirting with an old high-school crush! And while you are taking advantage of the folks' absence by disporting naked in the rumpus room of your cerebellum, give yourself some credit. You are a neurosexual pioneer. You belong to the first generation of mankind to use your magnificent brain as a sexual organ. Without guilt. With healthy curiosity. And a desire to please your electronic lover.

The hottest item right now among owners of personal computers is adventure-text games. Top software companies such as InfoCom, Electronic Arts and Sierra On-Line (see box below) make millions designing and selling these games in which you find yourself approaching a dark castle armed with a sword, seeking to find the treasure. Or you are a hard-boiled detective trying to solve a murder. Or you are on safari in the desert, looking for a buried city.

The computer program presents you with a challenge, and you have to slay the dragon or outwit the wizard.

But that's innocent kid-stuff.

Futique Inc. has developed computer-software programs that use sophisticated digital psychometrics to help you construct your own personality, which then interacts with programmed characters or, using telephone linkups, with real people.

It's called playing the Game of Life.

You find yourself in a strange city with no ID or money. Your mission is to locate the ideal romantic-erotic partner and act out the perfect sexual affair.

Your first decision is where to go in this strange city. The choices include a swanky nightclub or a church picnic or a rowdy go-go club or a hip Bohemian party.

Depending on your personality and your knowledge, you may or may not be able to enter the zone you have chosen. Once inside, you meet men and women of all social and sexual types. Each of your companions has a programmed personality that you must understand and interact with. Your sense of humor, sophistication, erotic experience and your interpersonal courage are tested.

You get into tricky social situations. You finally get into the bedroom with the gorgeous girl, start taking off her silken garments, and you find "she" is a transvestite. Or a \$1,000 hooker. Or a Jesus freak! Or a psychology student conducting research on sexual-seduction techniques in suburbia!

Electronic interpersonal games of this sort are being played right now by thou-

sands of amused subscribers to computer networks. On a "bulletin board" you get the code name of a player. She calls herself Saucy Sue. You chat for a while on the public channel. Then if you agree, you exchange personal access numbers and start an adventurous interaction. You can be anyone you choose. A nymphomaniac Cuban spy! A bored housewife. A teenage girl running away from home!

You create a personality and a history for yourself. Your computer pal does the same. You can go anywhere and do anything as long as you can get your partner to play along.

You may end up fucking with elegant grace on a cruiser off the Greek coast or operating a brothel in Nevada or running for President.

You and your partner can agree to zap back or forward in history. Play out your romance in ancient Rome. Or in outer space. Act out the parts of your favorite movies. With your personality as the instrument!

Electronic sex uses the powerful instruments of knowledge processing and communication to perform the most important task of this stage of human evolution.

You are learning how to use your head. To take over the programming of your bored brain. Taking over your own brain waves.

Electronic sex and brain-fucking are the keys to freedom and growth. If you don't use your head for your own pleasure and entertainment and education, then who will? ♀

GAME PLAN

For more information on computer games, contact the companies below:

INFOCOM (55 Wheeler St., Cambridge, MA 02138; telephone: 617-492-1031) *Its biggest-selling products include: Cutthroat, Seastalker, Zork III, Suspended and Enchanter.*

ELECTRONIC ARTS (2055 Campus Drive, San Mateo, CA 94403; telephone: 415-571-7171) *This company made a name for itself with M.U.L.E., still its No. 1 seller. Two others are Archon and Pinball Construction Set.*

SIERRA ON-LINE (36575 Mudge Ranch Rd., Coarsegold, CA 93614; telephone: 209-683-6858) *Its recent releases include The Wizard & The Princess, Ultima II and Cannonball Blitz.*

FUTIQUE INC. (P.O. Box 69886, Los Angeles, CA 90069; telephone: 213-654-5226) *The Game of Life is being manufactured by Electronic Arts and will be available for sale through Futique Inc.*

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Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Be sure to use the model release on page 108, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your \$100. All photographs become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.



A fetching housewife from Fritch, Texas, 26-year-old Cathy dabbles in graphic art. "I'd like to shock my town by walking down Main Street nude," she admits. That may not be art, but it's graphic.

70P20K2 11/82
DEPARTMENT OF
COURTNEY

Lenor yearns "to be alone on a secluded beach with at least ten naked men." The 26-year-old Dearborn, Michigan, housewife keeps in shape by playing tennis.

Men & Women
FLER
M. 2814 HYD
SILVERLA
245



Thoroughly modern Michelle, 20, is a Whitehall, Ohio, resident who's into dancing, swimming and sex on the beach. Her far-out fantasy is to be eaten and fucked at the same time.



Photo by Husband



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Photo by Husband

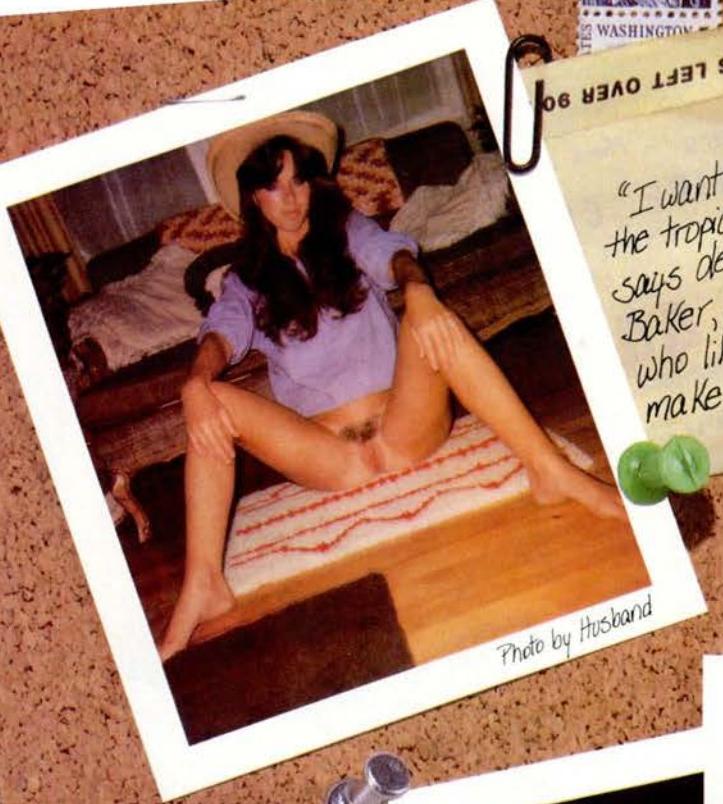
A 19-year-old shrimp packer from Lakeland, Florida, saucy Mignon wants "to be fucked on the beach by a guy with a ten-inch cock."



Photo by Michael

Uninhibited Virgie, 45, would like to star in a porn flick with her boyfriend, but she wants it to be a comedy. Virgie's a Chester, Virginia, roofer who enjoys art and bowling.





NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CLOTHES LEFT OVER 90
U.S. POSTAGE WASHINGTON

"I want to be stranded on an isle in the tropics with wild and primitive natives," says delectable Julie. The 23-year-old Baker, Oregon, housewife and mother, who likes skiing and camping, hopes to make her tropical move soon.

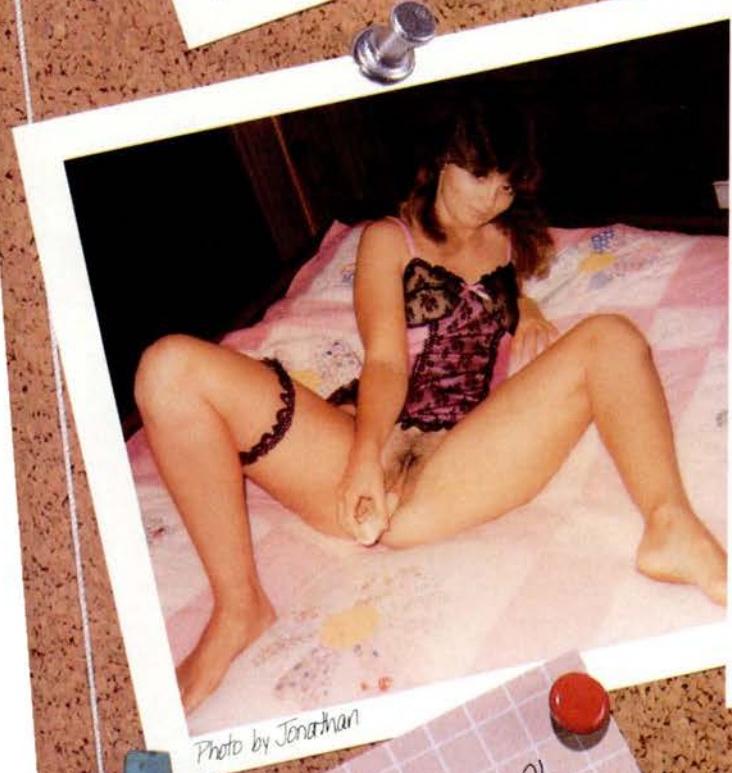


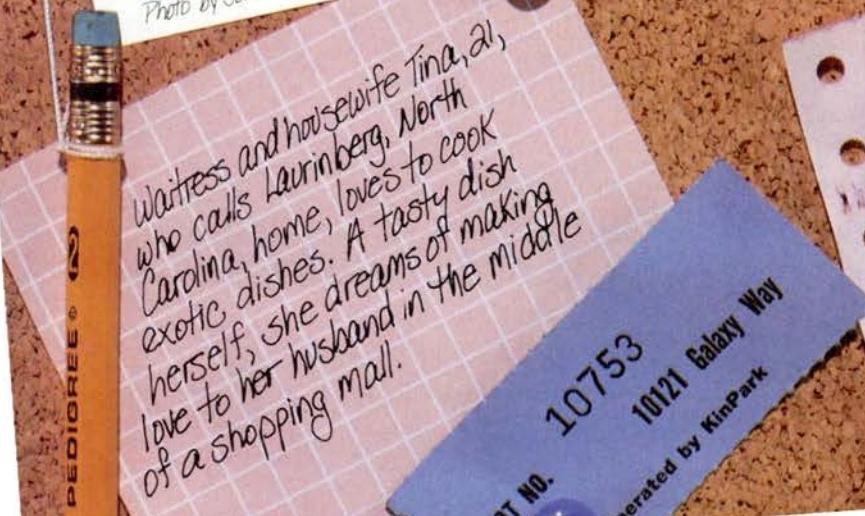
Photo by Jonathan

Waitress and housewife Tina, 21, who calls Laurinberg, North Carolina, home, loves to cook exotic dishes. A tasty dish herself, she dreams of making love to her husband in the middle of a shopping mall.



Photo by Friend

When 22-year-old Kelley is not making love, she's into making dollhouses. The East Granby, Connecticut, artist's fantasy is to become a centerfold model and have "thousands of men and have themselves off all over the pages."



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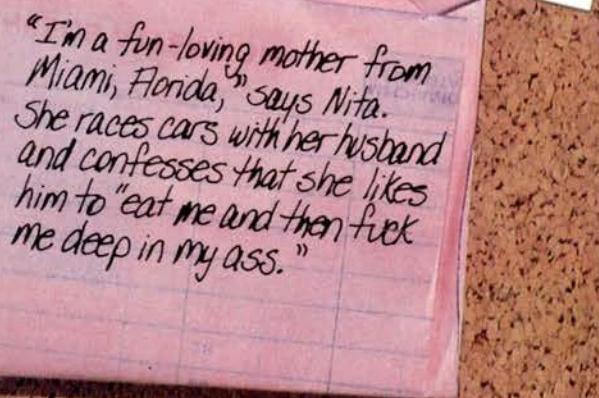
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Sue's greatest pleasure in life is "giving head."
She's a Lawrence, Massachusetts, housewife
who dreams of someday becoming
a porn star with her
husband.



Michelle C., 18, is a Bay City, Michigan, housewife who collects rocking horses. A bucking bronco in bed, her desire is "to fulfill all my husband's fantasies."

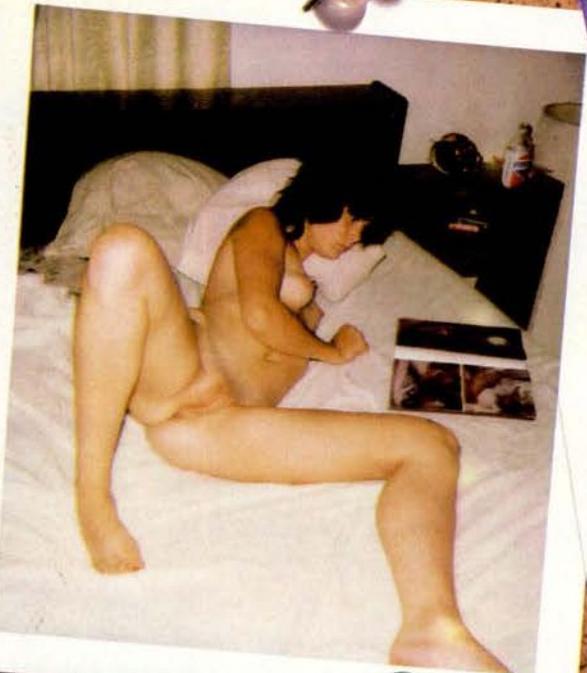


Photo by Steve



Photo by Lover

An 18-year-old student from Bellingham, Washington, Brandy lives up to her intoxicating name. She fantasizes about making love to a beautiful woman while her husband watches.

HELLO
my name is

"Freebird" is a 20-year-old housewife from Stockton, California, who wants only one thing out of life — to be able to make love to her husband and another couple" in a field of wild daises."

Photo by Barney



Rhonda is a 22-year-old bank teller from Riverside, California. She enjoys reading and masturbating, and says that "my fantasy is to have a black girl and a white girl ravage my body in front of my boyfriend."

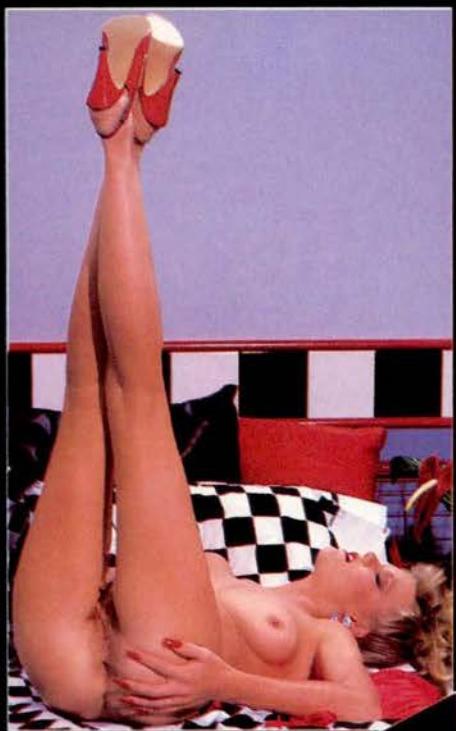


BEAVER SPOTLIGHT

Last seen in our October '84 issue, Santa Rosa, California's Siri Lynn Smith is unmasked at last. It's not surprising that the February *Beaver Spotlight* winner has a thing about disguises. "I'm into role playing in general," she says. "I can be the aggressive animal in bed with one guy—and a shv. virginal type with the next. It all depends on my mood and the man I'm with."

A mild-mannered secretary, Siri has a fertile imagination and claims to have lived out most of her fantasies. "There's very little I haven't tried, but sometimes I wonder what it would be like to be stranded at a car wash with a dozen John Holmes look-alikes waiting to soap me down." Any volunteers?





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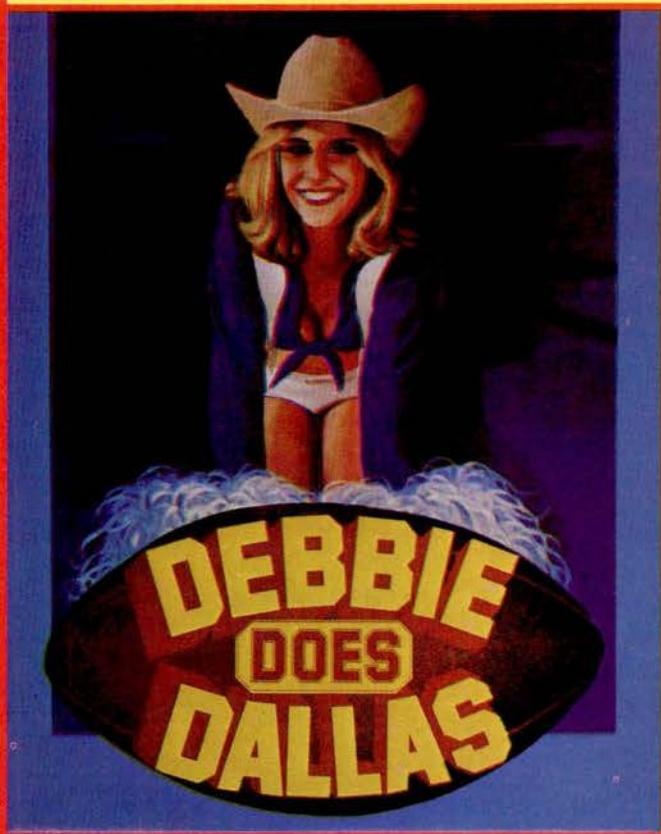
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THIS MONTH'S TOP 40

- | | |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 DEADLY LOVE | <input type="checkbox"/> 22 HIGH SCHOOL MEMORIES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 MISTY BEETHOVEN | <input type="checkbox"/> 23 DRACULA EXOTICA |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 4 NAUGHTY GIRLS | <input type="checkbox"/> 24 ALICE IN WONDERLAND |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 5 BARBARA BROADCAST | <input type="checkbox"/> 25 DOWNSTAIRS/UPSTAIRS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 6 SUZI SUPERSTAR | <input type="checkbox"/> 26 DIRTY WESTERN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 7 DANCERS | <input type="checkbox"/> 27 TITILLATION |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 8 INSIDE JENNIFER WELLES | <input type="checkbox"/> 28 IRRESISTIBLE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 9 BLONDE GODDESS | <input type="checkbox"/> 29 SCOUNDRELS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 10 PAMELA MANN | <input type="checkbox"/> 30 BAD GIRLS |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 12 GAMES WOMEN PLAY | <input type="checkbox"/> 32 TALK DIRTY TO ME |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 13 INSATIABLE | <input type="checkbox"/> 33 DEVIL IN MISS JONES II |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 14 DEEP THROAT | <input type="checkbox"/> 34 EROTIC ADVT. OF CANDY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 15 LITTLE ORPHAN DUSTY | <input type="checkbox"/> 35 HUSTLER VIDEO #1 |
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WHITE WOMEN/ BLACK MEN What's the Attraction?



BY BARBARA KEITH-SMITH

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER Magazine's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.

The singer struts across the stage shaking his long cornrowed braids. He pauses for a moment, licks his fingers and runs them up and down his slender, brown body. Granting the audience a coy smile, he whips himself into a turn and collapses in a frenzy of passionate bumps and grinds, humping the stage beneath his flexing torso. Up again, pacing and pouting, he moans into the microphone. When funk-rockster Rick James flaunts his sexuality, women of all colors respond with staring eyes and moist cunts.

Like many black men, James is just plain sexy. Setting aside their diverse individual accomplishments, what he, sportscaster O.J. Simpson, musician Michael Jackson and actor Billy Dee Williams have in common is their erotic appeal to women of all races.

Some say the reason is the black man's sexual advantage. An in-depth article in *Forum* concluded that "blacks are superior in penis size." But on the other hand, *Ebony* magazine—whose audience is primarily black—ranked their sexual supremacy as one of the ten biggest myths about black men, adding, "It has long been an 'inside' bit of bitter humor among Negroes to say that Negro men should bribe their wives to silence."

When I began preparing for my master's thesis in psychology, it seemed that no one had bothered to talk with the white women who sleep with these men. So I researched the subject by conducting phone interviews with 65 of them—age 20 through 60—who had maintained a two-year or longer relationship with a black man. "Would you say your best lovers have been black or white?" I asked. Although I knew my survey could never settle the issue once and for all, the responses

were intriguing. Not surprisingly, 40 gave blacks the nod.

"They're tops," said one who agreed that black men had larger sex organs than whites. "Penis size does matter."

Another woman confessed, "The only dreams I have of rape involve black men."

A reporter whose relationship lasted seven years had this observation: "The black male believes the myth—or thinks the white woman does—so he superperforms."

Even a respondent whose interracial marriage had terminated on a sour note supported the myth. "He liked portraying the 'big victim of the ghetto,'" she recalled. "He was very powerful, beautiful and sexy. And he liked being loved for that image." Later she confided, "I don't think I'll ever have a relationship with a white man. They don't interest me at all."

Naturally, these women are a minority, but they are not as rare or unusual as you may think. I've shared my life with one very tall, handsome black man for the past five years, and I knew before I married him that I wasn't alone. Interracial couples are a common sight in most cities. According to the 1980 census, 104,000 American marriages consisted of black husbands and white wives.

A widely believed myth insists that white women who cross racial barriers are inferior individuals rebelling against their families in self-destructive ways because of an unhappy childhood. But those I surveyed not only came from good homes, they had positive things to say about their relationships.

One remarked: "My husband, David, thinks the world of me, and shows it."

Another, who has a black lover, added: "Joe's done very (continued on page 148)

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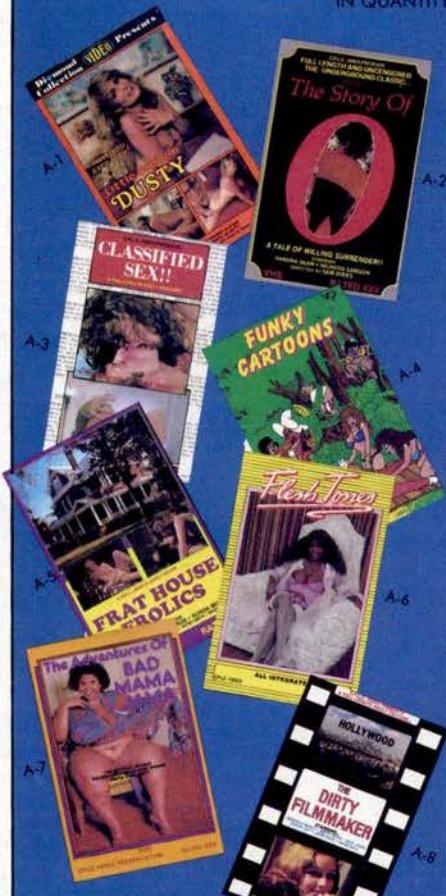
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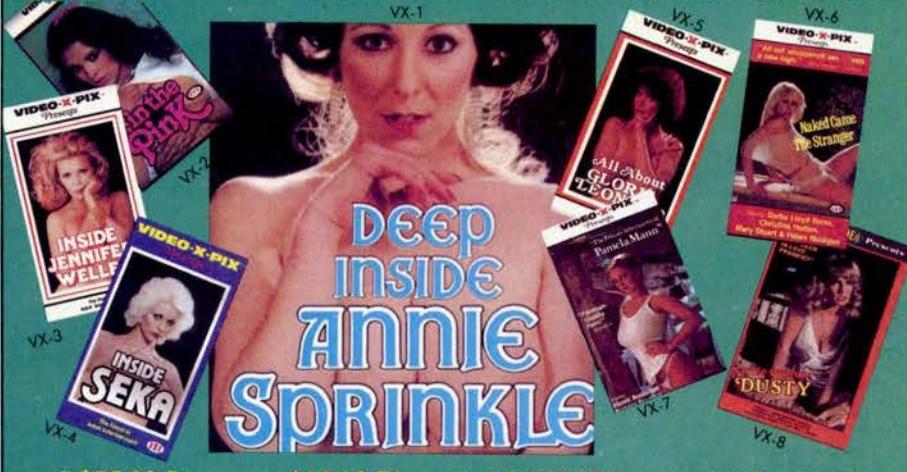
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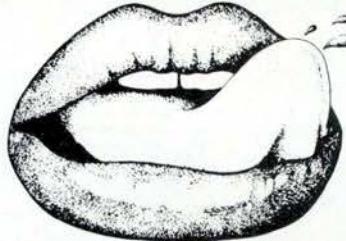
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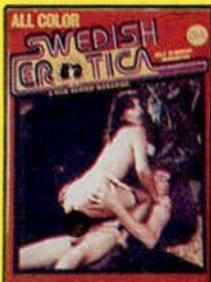
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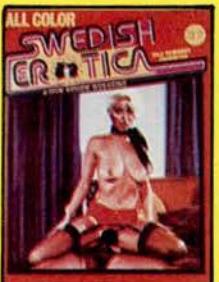
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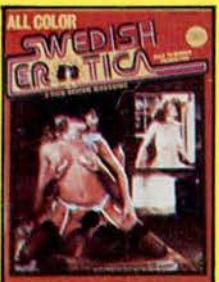
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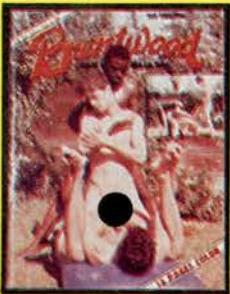


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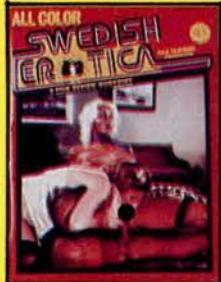
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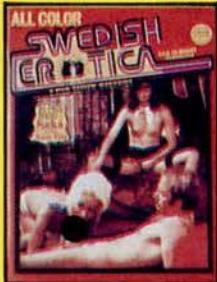
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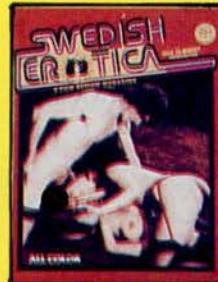
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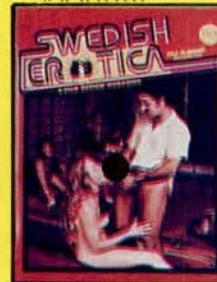
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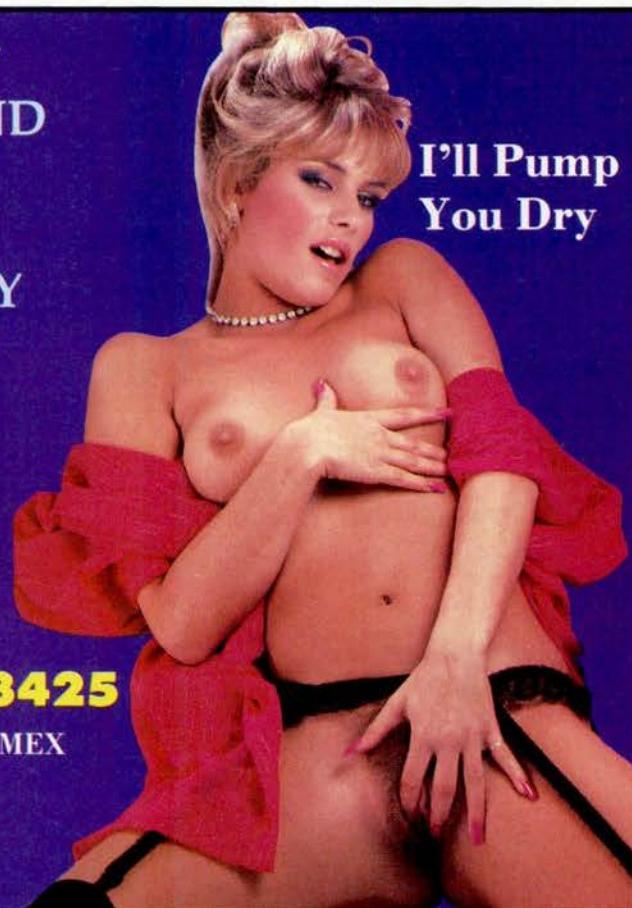
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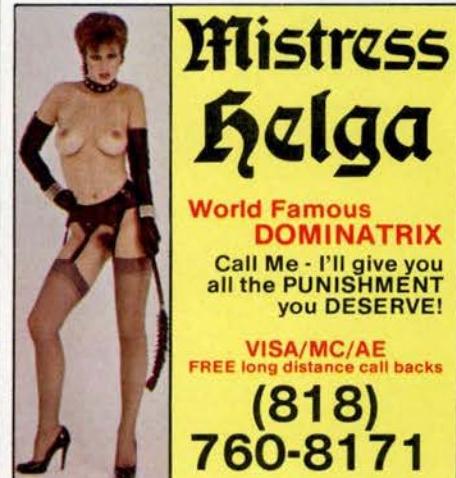
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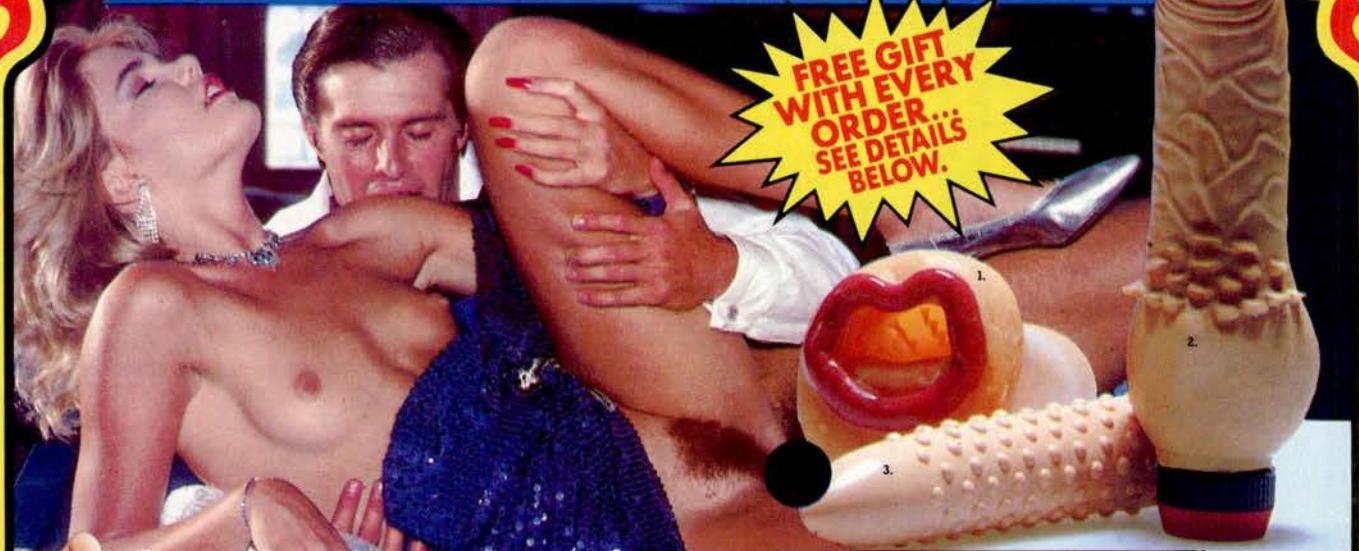
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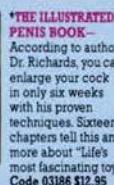
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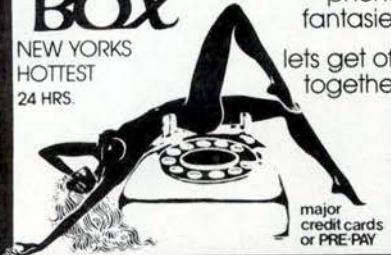
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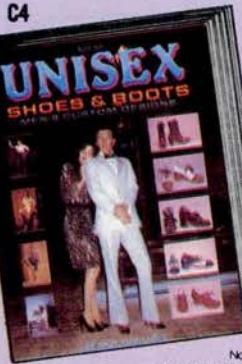


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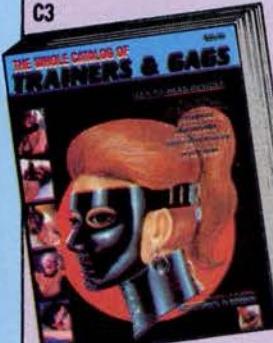
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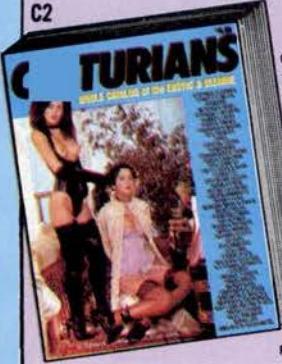


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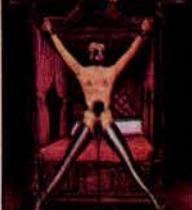
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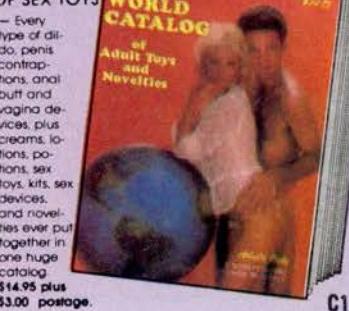
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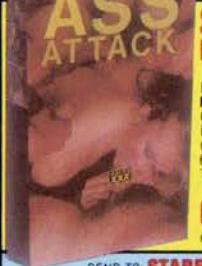
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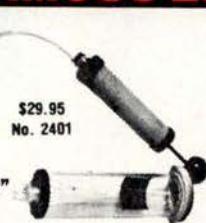
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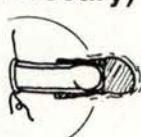


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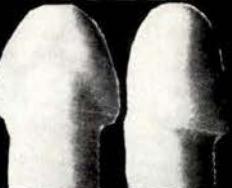
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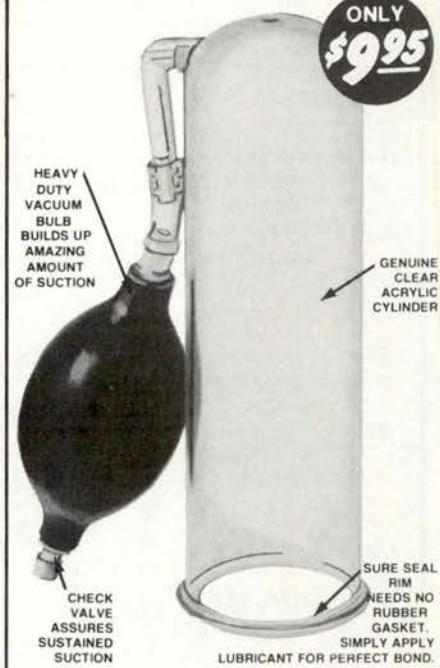
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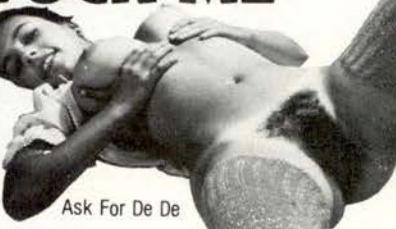


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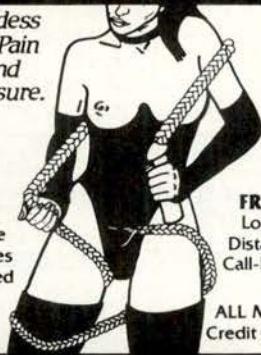
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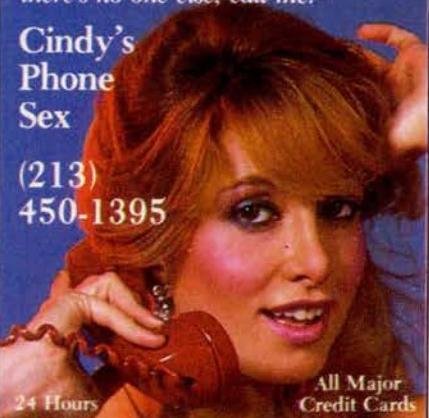
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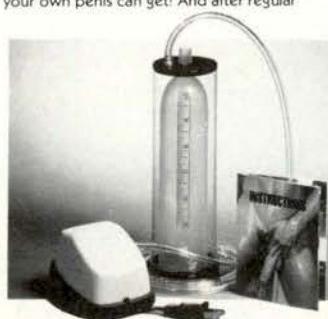
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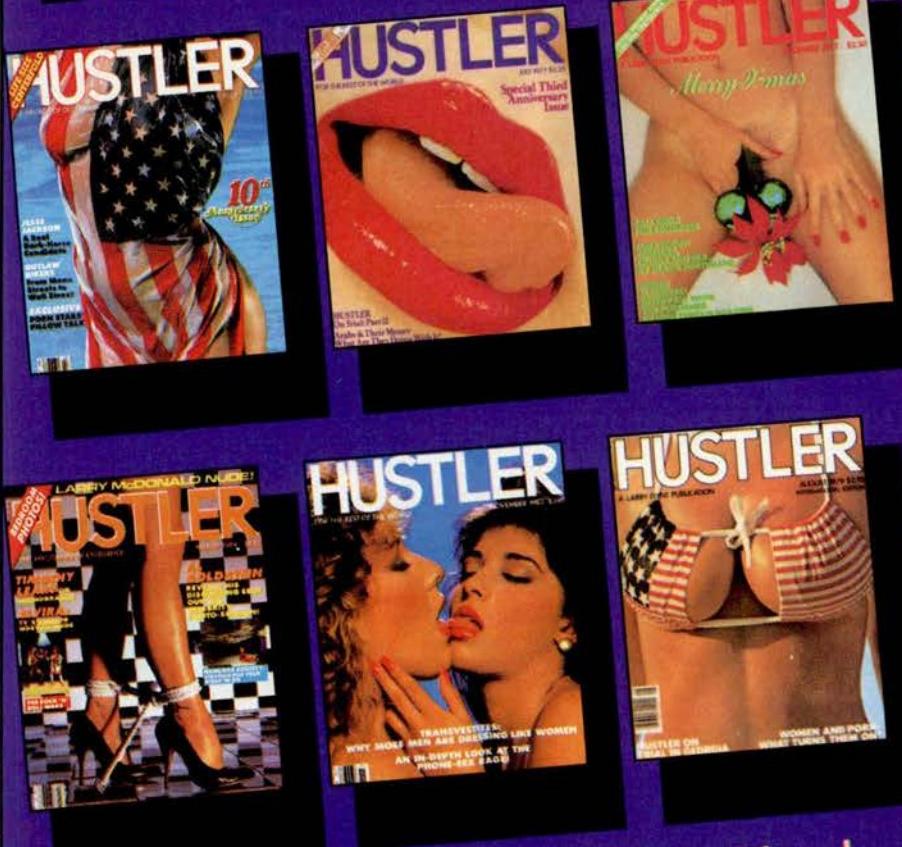
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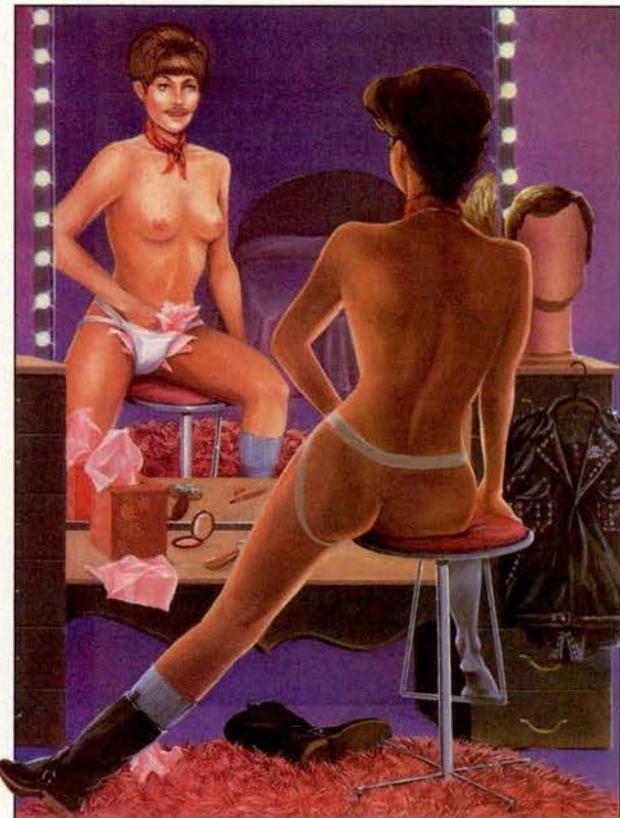
I guess almost everybody at one time or another has a certain fantasy that haunts them until they're forced to do something about it, no matter what. At least I know that I did. My secret craving had always been to get fucked in the ass. Ever since I was a teenager, the thought of getting rear-accessed really fascinated me.

When I married Fred, I figured my dream would at last come true. Unfortunately, my husband turned out to be so conservative in bed that his idea of excitement was doing it with *me* on top. The few times I tried to bring up the subject of my fantasy, Fred got angry and said it was dirty and disgusting. So I stopped trying to get him to cornhole me, but my desire for it never vanished.

I knew I *had* to get butt-fucked, but I was afraid to go out to a singles bar and pick up a man. I was worried that the guy wouldn't know what he was doing and would rip the hell out of my poor tender sphincters. Or he'd think I was real kinky and try something weird.

Finally, I had a brainstorm. A few blocks away from my apartment is a rough, tough homosexual bar called The Rock. A gay guy would certainly know what to do! It would be easy. I was tall, skinny and small-breasted-built almost like a boy, in other words—and with short hair and no makeup I could easily pass for a very pretty young man. It took a while to get up the courage, but a couple of weeks later I went to a theatrical-costume supplier and bought myself a man's wig and a phony mustache—perfectly matched to my hair and eyebrows.

That night Fred was working late. I stole a jockstrap from his drawer, put the thing on and stuffed it so full of tissues, it bulged. I dressed in a T-shirt and a pair of tight leather jeans.



B Y M O N A S I N C L A I R

Kinky Korner is written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER will pay \$100 on publication for seven-page, double-spaced-typed or neatly handwritten-manuscripts. And please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

that looked like shimmering stars, and a weightlifter's body. I melted. His name was Chuck, and he asked me to dance. I just nodded—I didn't want to give myself away by speaking—and let him lead me onto the dance floor. He was such a hunk!

Chuck crushed me in his massive arms, holding me close as we danced. He was so tall that when he ground his hips against me, the bulge in his pants rested against my stomach. I reached down and began to finger his enormous cock through the outline of his pants.

When the song ended, he silently led me off the dance floor and into the restroom. A tingle of excitement shivered

Then I put on the mustache and wig, and I checked myself out in the mirror. What an amazing transformation! I couldn't help smiling at the good-looking young stud who smiled back at me. My plan was working. I was going to get the ass-fuck of my dreams.

When I got to The Rock, the jukebox was churning out "When Doves Cry." It was like paradise! Handsome men with muscular bodies were absolutely littered across the dance floor and around the bar-like so many reproductions of Michelangelo's *David*. They all wore T-shirts or tank tops, and their biceps bulged every time they raised a glass to their lips. Their pants were so tight-fitting, I could read the dates on the pennies in their pockets. My anus quivered in anticipation.

Everyone was interested in me from the moment I walked in the place. Several men's hands and legs brushed against me as I leaned on the bar and arched my ass out toward them.

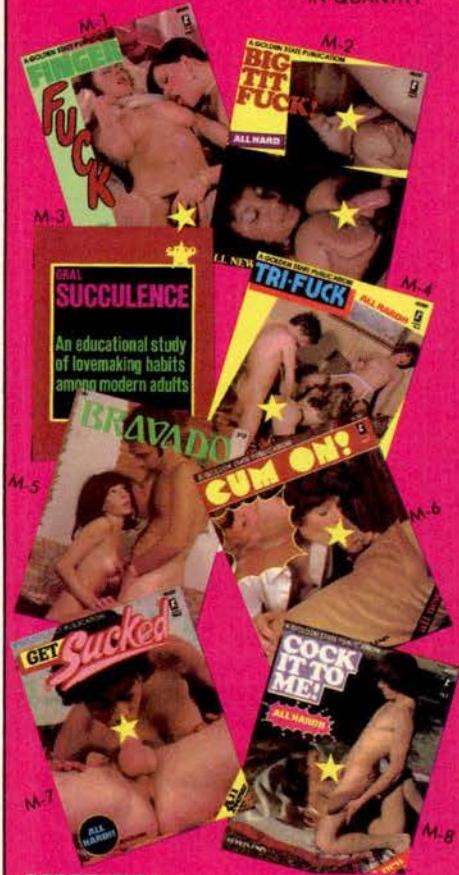
Then I felt a huge pair of palms begin to massage my behind. I turned around and saw heaven: a big, blond stud with a hard-chiseled jaw, ice-blue eyes stars, and a weightlifter's body. I melted. His name was Chuck, and he asked me to dance. I just nodded—I didn't want to give myself away by speaking—and let him lead me onto the dance floor. He was such a hunk!

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through my body. The last time I'd been in a men's room, I was seven years old, and my brother had dared me to do it. This was even more terrifying, but when I got inside the door, my eyes nearly bugged out. There were a dozen men fondling each other and kissing. I got so horny from the sight that a wave of juices burst out of my pussy, soaking the tissue I'd stuffed in my crotch.

Chuck smiled when he saw what I was gaping at, and he steered me over to one of the toilet stalls. He pushed me inside and locked the door behind him. Instantly his arms were around me, and his lips pressed against mine. We kissed furiously, our tongues darting into each other's mouths like squirming snakes. My hands reached for his ass, which was hard as stone. I pried at his ass cheeks through his pants, but they didn't move; it was as if they were sculpted in granite.

Chuck pushed me back, and I sat down on the toilet seat with legs spread wide. He stood between them, the fat wad in his pants at my eye level. As I reached up and slowly unzipped his fly, I gasped. Out sprang a tool the size of a bull's! It must have been over a foot long, thick and meaty like an Italian sausage.

I grasped his log with both my tiny hands, running my fingers along the underside and cupping his massive balls in my palms. Chuck's cock quivered. I squeezed his nuts, and he pushed his penis toward my lips. I traced a line of saliva across the tip of the head with my tongue while he reached down and began pumping the shaft with his hand.

I took an inch of his angry red machine into my mouth and began sucking on it. My cheeks filled as he slid more of his monster cock between my lips. I knew that there was no way I could take it all down my throat; so I just licked and nibbled and sucked on it. I reached between his legs and ran my fingers along the crack of his ass, stopping to diddle his pucker-ass hole.

He pumped his meat faster, and his knuckles slammed up against my nose. Shivering waves rolled through his prick, and I could taste the first salty drops of his cum. With a quick thrust I pushed my index finger into his butt. Chuck grunted, pounding his fist faster and harder along his cock. I felt his dick head swell. In a second his semen squirted into my mouth, and a jet of the gooey stuff washed down my throat. I sucked his massive pole, swallowing mouthful after mouthful of tasty jism.

When the flow of cum finally subsided to a dribble, I pulled my finger out of his ass and licked it. Chuck's cock eventually grew limp and hung down on his thigh. He reached into his pocket and offered me a vial to sniff, but I refused it. (I

found out later that it was a popper.) He broke it under his nose, and almost immediately his face flushed and his penis grew enormous again.

I smiled, stood up and turned around. I pulled my pants down to my ankles, being careful not to disturb the stuffing in my jockstrap, and presented my virgin behind to Chuck. This was it!

Taking out a little tin of "elbow grease" from his pocket, Chuck then smeared some on his finger and dabbed it on my butt. The cool of the lubricant filled my asshole as Chuck inserted his finger into my anus. I moaned. The knob of his knuckle pushed at my sphincter, and I clamped down on it. When he slid his finger out with a pop, I started to shake.

Chuck spread some goo on the tip of his penis and poised it above my asshole. I could feel it nudging me as he took aim. I tucked myself into a position with one arm resting on the water tank of the toilet to balance, and one hand squeezing my cunt through the jockstrap.

Soon the big head of Chuck's cock eased into my rectum. My asshole stretched, and I thought it was going to tear open. Another inch and the pain began to mix with waves of pleasure. A man's prick was up my butt!

While he pushed his piston deeper into my rear, my fingers were pinching my clitoris, sending shivers running through my cunt. Chuck buried his full length in me with a thrust and began pumping his dick in and out of my ass. It felt so full and tight, I thought it would burst. From head to toe I was ringing like a fire alarm. Panting hoarsely, I tried desperately not to scream and give myself away. Each stroke jammed me against the toilet; the flush handle dug into my hip. I had two fingers tucked under the jockstrap and in my pussy. I was coming a river, the juice dripping down my wrist.

Shouting in ecstasy, Chuck drove his rod in up to the hilt and began filling my bunghole with cum. The warm flood of semen leaked out of me and spilled onto the tiles. I screamed, and the gay hunk pulled his still-squirting penis out of my butt. My anus spasmed, and my knees grew weak.

When I regained my composure, I turned around and saw that Chuck was staring at me strangely. He reached for my jock, but I pushed his hand away. He frowned and rushed out of the stall.

I had trouble pulling up my pants, and I left the bar a little bowlegged. When I got home, the first touch of pain was already beginning. The next day I was in agony. I was sore for a week, but it was worth it. My fantasy was finally fulfilled, and I knew for sure that I had more than one joyhole. Do I plan on going back to The Rock? You bet your ass I do. 

JACKIE PRESSER

(continued from page 68)

Other damaging accounts of alleged criminal activity by Presser are contained in the Justice Department's files. For example:

- "The organized-crime affiliations and involvement of Presser through and independent of the Teamsters Union are well documented," states a government report titled "Organized Crime and the Labor Unions."

- Informant James "The Weasel" Fratianno told federal investigators that "through the intercession of Cleveland organized-crime group members, Presser agreed to allow [Fratianno] the use of a Mob financier to set up a union dental plan in Warren, Ohio."

Fratianno said that Presser was also under the control of James "Blackie" Licavoli, don of the Cleveland Mob. "Jackie Presser, he told me himself that 'I don't do nothing unless Blackie tells me,'" Fratianno said.

Presser denounced Fratianno's claims: "I know him as the Weasel . . . anything the Weasel says you can put in a can of worms and put it in Lake Erie."

- One go-between for Ohio and New Jersey Mob families told New Jersey officials that Presser had been his contact in 1975 for arranging loans through the Central States Pension Fund.

- A 1977 report titled "Labor Racketeering in Ohio" called Presser "a well-known corrupt union labor leader [who] had continued to build his public image in the [Ohio] area. His goal is reportedly the presidency of the International."

Questionable acts aside, Presser boasts that his White House ties will give him immunity from prosecution on any criminal charges. At a recent Teamsters reception he was purportedly heard saying that the Reagan Administration "had better not" indict him, because he was innocent, had done too many political favors for the Republicans, and Ronald Reagan would need Teamsters support in the 1984 election campaign.

Presser's critics say his support for Reagan in 1980 was part of a carefully crafted plan to bring attention to himself in hopes of eventually gaining the Teamsters' top post. The move certainly kept him in close touch with the White House. By December of that year Reagan named him to the economic-affairs transition panel, an appointment that raised more than a few eyebrows.

Opposing Teamsters released a scathing report which concluded that the move "...represents a conflict of interest and quite possibly a green light for criminal activity in the nation's largest union."

"It was desirable to have someone with that background on the transition team," argued Ed Meese, Reagan's embattled White House adviser, when questioned about Presser's past. "Not only has he never been convicted, he's never been indicted or subpoenaed."

Presser couldn't have said it better himself.

"I look forward to meeting him," said newly named Labor Secretary Ray Donovan. He could have used Presser's advice on how to dodge the law. Last October, Donovan was indicted on one count of grand larceny, allegedly for bilking the New York Transit Authority out of \$8 million in overcharges.

After taking over as boss of the Teamsters, Presser became far and away the most important labor figure that the Reagan Administration could count on. On the day of his Senate testimony he was invited to a White House dinner. Citing prior commitments, he declined the invitation. Insiders say he was talked out of attending to avoid embarrassing the President.

Within weeks he hired Republican public-relations specialist Robert Gray in an attempt to change his image. By the end of the month he was the guest of honor at a dinner held at the prestigious Georgetown Club, sponsored by Presidential aide Paul Russo and Paul Locigno, a high-ranking Teamsters official. Others attending included Donovan, Meese, Reagan political adviser Lyn Nofziger, Senators Robert Dole and Ted Stevens and Congressman Jack Kemp.

By the summer of 1983 Presser had become a frequent White House visitor and had met with Reagan political adviser Ed Rollins and public-liaison assistant Faith Ryan Whittlesey several times. In the middle of August, however, White House counsel Fred Fielding directed senior Presidential aides to keep an "arms-length relationship" with Presser. Fielding told them it would be a good idea not to invite the union boss to any more White House functions, considering the allegations of his ties to organized crime.

The government's failure to indict him for any crimes may be the payback that Presser has bragged about. "We're not going to forget that Jackie Presser is the person mostly responsible for Teamster endorsement of Reagan in 1980," one Republican leader said. "When other labor unions were vilifying Reagan, the Teamsters helped. They were not popular with the general public, but no one thinks they are patsies. Do you just walk away from a union president who has such a tremendous political network? Or do you stand by your friends?"

The White House may now be making good on that pledge.

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SEX PLAY

(continued from page 117)

well. I'm very proud of him. He takes care of me and my kids. He makes me feel as important as his wife."

Even after the great strides made by the civil-rights movement of the '60s, this is not to say that interracial couples don't face hostility and prejudice. I'll never forget the time at a country-club dance when a white man—a total stranger—snidely asked me, "What's a nice girl like you doing with a black guy?"

The man who asked me this question was dressed in a graying white shirt and faded jeans; his pudgy stomach hung over an old belt. I found it ironic that this slob should confront me about the handsome, trim, well-dressed person on my arm. "Nice white girls" did not marry black men, at least in this man's mind.

This experience is not unusual. In fact, it is the norm for white women who are seen publicly with black men. As one participant in my study said, "Because we're with black men, they think that we are ugly, fat, uneducated whores or worse."

The harshest criticism of white women who have black lovers comes from black women and white men. Both feel that their supply of mates has been depleted.

In his book *Black Masculinity*, Robert Staples quotes a 34-year-old black nurse

who felt that most black men were more attracted to white women than their black counterparts because white women are portrayed by the media as more desirable. "Being a single black woman is difficult," she told Staples. "There are not enough eligible men. Those who are available have not gotten over the 'white woman' syndrome. The white woman has the best of both worlds; she has white and black men. Anytime she wants to she can return to the white man. And the black man will just seek out another white woman. I don't like being alone, but it looks like I have no other choice."

One woman related that after her lover's black ex-wife confronted her with a gun for the second time, he said, "I'd better leave before you get killed."

On her relationship with a black man, a white male co-worker commented, "You must like to suck black cock."

Another woman told how her father and uncle got her black boyfriend fired from his job and "run out of town."

The controversy surrounding black/white sexual relationships has recently found a new forum of expression in porn films that lend even more credence to the myth that black men dig white pussy and that white women crave black cock. This overbearing sexual preoccupation with racial genitalia has created some wildly prejudiced—and terribly exaggerated—

views of interracial sexual contact.

A home videotape titled *Let Me Tell Ya 'Bout White Chicks* (reviewed in *Pornpourri*, December '84), for example, depicts the white woman as nothing more than a fair-skinned orifice in which the Negro man can stick his "big black dick." The production is insultingly stereotypical, but it does support many of the contentions made by women I interviewed—those who simply loved black cock.

The black/white attraction dates back to the time when black males were kidnapped from their native Africa and shipped to America to work as slaves on plantations run by white masters and their white wives. This primitive, untamed, muscular, hitherto-unseen Negro man presented an unsettling challenge to the white lady of the house.

"It was out of sheer necessity for sexual release and expression that the Southern white woman fixed her fantasies upon the most feared sexual symbol of her time—the Negro," writes Calvin Hernton in *Sex and Racism*. "The Negro male became the embodiment of not only the white woman's unconscious sense of sexual poverty, but of everything that was wrong with her life and her society. Just as it became necessary for the white man to project the image of the Negro as a savage rapist... it was equally imperative that the white woman accept this image as a means of proving to herself that she was sexually attractive, if not to white men, then at least to 'black savages.'"

The black man, in turn, was separated from contact with the white woman. The white man could sleep with his black mistress whenever he felt like it, but the reverse was not true for the black man. Even well after the Civil War a black accused of sleeping with a white woman was usually castrated or lynched.

Yet everywhere a black man went, there she was—portrayed as the most beautiful of women. It was no wonder, then, despite such punishments, that many blacks still felt attracted to white women. As my husband told me, "Growing up in the '50s in Texas, we went to movies where monsters got the white woman. We couldn't believe that *The Creature From the Black Lagoon* could get a white woman and we couldn't."

As if to prove just how great—in bed and out—black men are, hundreds of thousands of white women in this country endure prejudices and hostility to continue biracial relationships. And almost all of those in my survey told me they wouldn't give up their experiences, past and present, for anything in the world. The love they feel for their black mates is not based on stereotypes, but on the reality of relationships that are satisfying both sexually and otherwise.



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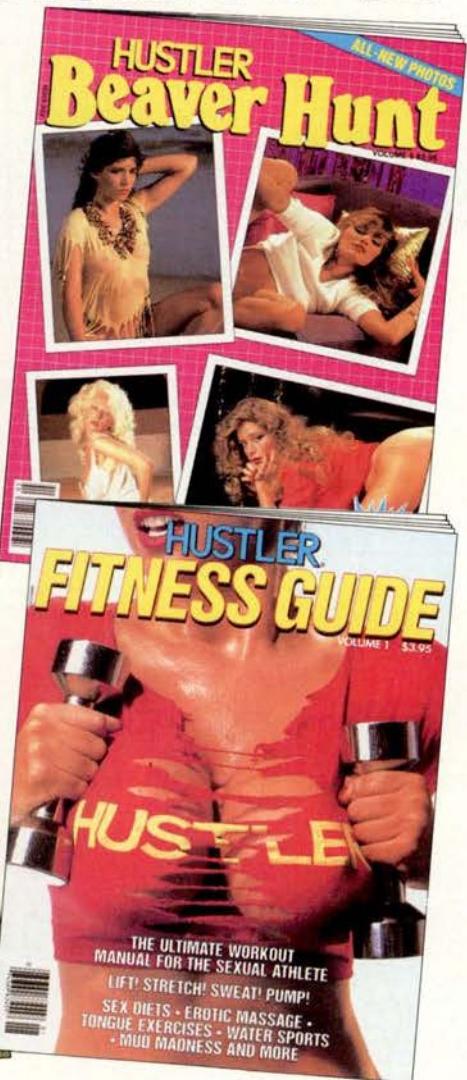
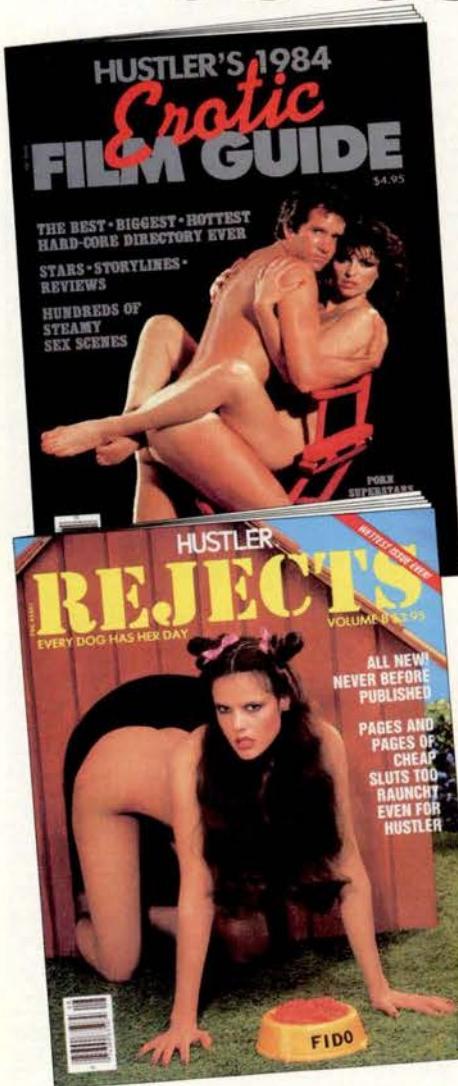
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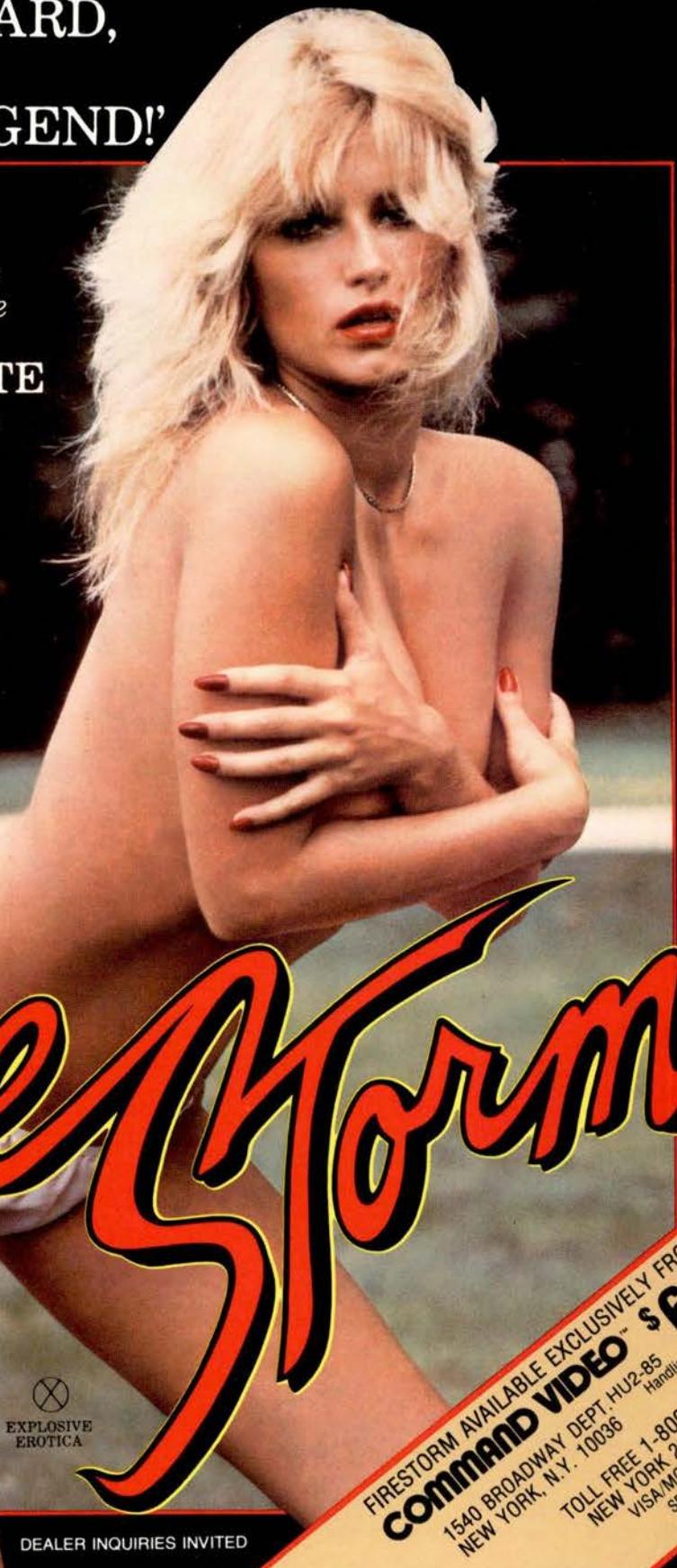
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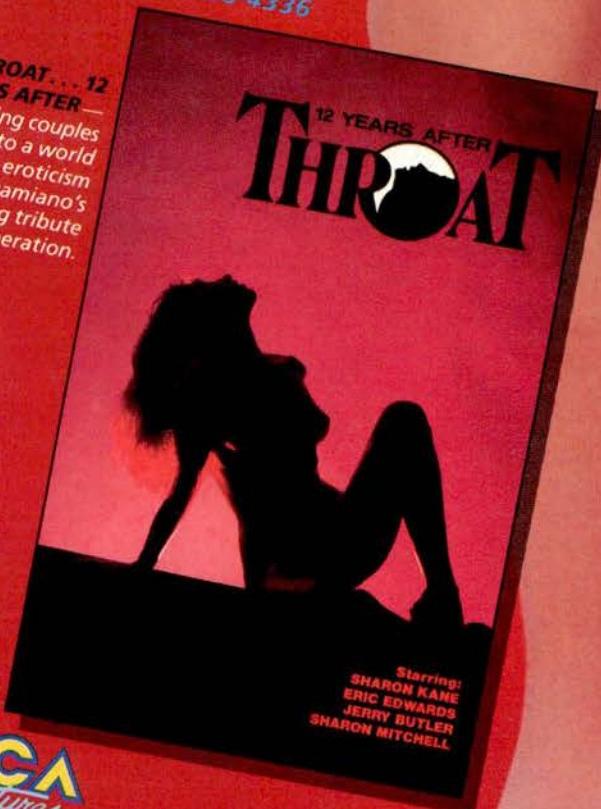
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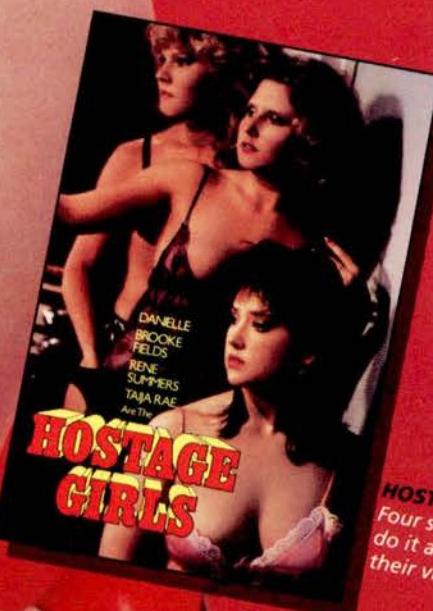


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